THE HISTORY OF NED EVANS.

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NED EVANS.

"O'erstep not the modesty of Nature!"

SHAKESPEARE.

SECOND EDITION.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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THE

HISTORY

OF

NED EVANS.

CHAP. XX.

AT length the morning dawned that was to ſeparate Edward from the only home he ever remembered to have had, and from the arms of thoſe tender parents who had hitherto held him in their fond embraces. Though his youthful boſom glowed with delight in the proſpect of his new profeſſion, and with the ſtill more tranſporting hope of ſoon being in the preſence of the beloved of his ſoul; yet he could not leave his little paternal dwelling, where the

happy ſeaſon of childhood was paſſed, nor the protection of thoſe indulgent parents who had ſupplied all his wants and ſoothed all his cares, without being impreſſed with a tender ſorrow, which no proſpects of pleaſure could entirely diſpel, and which would have been a defect in his heart if they could. His father and mother were juſtly entitled to his moſt ardent affection, and they fully poſſeſſed it. The very ſtones that formed their habitation, and the trees that ſheltered it, were endeared to him by old acquaintance, and by their relation to them.—He roſe therefore this morning at the very firſt peeping of the dawn, and went into the garden to ſee, for the laſt time, thoſe ſcenes where he had ſo often aſſiſted his father in his delightful taſk, and which were indebted for moſt of their beauty to their united labours. Here he came to the ſeat which he had lately raiſed and conſecrated to the memory of Lady Cecilia; and, cutting two ſuckers, one from a white and the other from a purple lilac tree, he twiſted them together,

together, and planted them in a ſequeſtered ſpot where he thought they would be moſt likely to thrive.

This was his laſt labour in the garden: his romantic imagination fancied theſe two ſuckers were emblems of Cecilia and himſelf—and he fondly wiſhed that their affections might be twined together like the twigs he had juſt planted. He thought, if ever he lived to return, his firſt viſit ſhould be to theſe ſhrubs, and that from their ſituation he would draw an omen of his future love. Poor youth! ſuch are the ſuperſtitions to which love bends the ſtrongeſt underſtandings, and ſuch the deluſions with which it alike flatters the hopes and entangles the hearts both of the ſimple and the wiſe!—As he returned to the ſeat, he was ſurpriſed to ſee at ſome diſtance a young woman advancing towards him. This was indeed Molly Price, the daughter of the poor harper; whoſe blooming cheeks and auburn locks had captivated ſo many hearts among the neighbouring

ſwains (as we formerly mentioned), and who, alas! had been herſelf enthralled by the many graces of the manly Edward. Sorry am I to record, that this amiable youth was not in all things perfect; and that the paſſions of nature, which this poor girl's beauty was but too well calculated to enflame, had ſome months before been too violent for either his reaſon or religion to reſtrain, eſpecially when the feebleneſs of her reſiſtance ſeemed more like an invitation than a refuſal.

This girl was, however, the only perſon with whom he had ever ſo tranſgreſſed; and never ſince the matchleſs charms of Cecilia had inſpired his ſoul with the ſublime tranſports of an honourable and chaſte paſſion, did he ſuffer his thoughts to wander even for a moment from that pure object, or his heart to form a wiſh in which the ſevereſt virtue could find any thing to condemn. He met Molly therefore without embarraſſment, and with that compaſſionate tenderneſs to which from him ſhe was certainly

certainly entitled: her eyes diſcovered that ſhe had been weeping, and he did not need her information to tell him it was for him. He made her therefore ſit down; and in a long and pathetic harangue he lamented the ſituation in which their mutual indiſcretions had involved them, and which, he now learned, could not long be concealed from his father and the public.

During a converſation of near an hour, he ſaid every thing that reaſon, religion, virtue, and friendſhip could ſuggeſt to afford her conſolation: he promiſed, that though he could not dare to ſee his father if he ſhould know his guilt, yet he would take care, when he was gone from his preſence, to confeſs it to him by letter, and to recommend her and the unfortunate infant that was to come into the world, to his protection and forgiveneſs. He declared, that though he had made a firm reſolution (which he truſted he ſhould be able to keep) never to tranſgreſs ſo again, either with her or with any other woman, yet he ſhould

ever remember her with the trueſt kindneſs, and endeavour to ſupply her neceſſities, and thoſe of her child, as far as he ſhould be enabled to do. He then gave her five guineas as an earneſt of future favours, which was almoſt five times as much as ever ſhe had been miſtreſs of before, and which contributed as much as any thing he had ſaid to dry up her tears, and open her heart to conſolation; and then, after an affectionate kiſs, in which guilt had no ſhare, he led her out of the garden, and he went into the houſe.

The reader may perhaps wonder how Ned came to have ſo much money about him, at leaſt to ſpare:—but he muſt remember that Lord Ravenſdale had ſent a bank-note for 100l. to Mr. Evans, the whole of which that generous parent would have had him to take; but no entreaty, nor even command, could compel him to accept of more than half, which he ſaid would be abundant for his neceſſities, eſpecially as he had now an income ſuperior to his father's. The good

curate

curate was therefore obliged to acquiesce (at least for that time), and had given him the day before fifty guineas preparatory to his journey to Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans were now risen, and the breakfast things all laid upon the table, when Ned entered. His baggage had been entrusted to a carrier to take to the Head; and honest David Morgan, with a knapsack on his back and an oaken stick in his hand, was ready with a cheerful heart, and as cheerful a countenance, to follow his young master to the end of the world. Though David had a father and mother and even a mistress to forsake, as well as Edward, all of whom he had taken leave of that morning, yet the glory of being a soldier, and the pleasure of attending Ned, had banished all sorrow from his heart, which indeed was not found to be the residence of much thought or melancholy; and he looked forward to his campaigns in America, with as much eagerness as ever he had done to a fox-chase or a badger-hunt: yet

he did not want good-nature; but the buſtle of war has charms for all young fellows of ſpirit; and he longed to match old Price the harper, whoſe glorious achievements had been ſet to muſic, and rewarded by a penſion of almoſt five pounds a year.

The good curate had ordered him a tankard of the beſt ale, and the remains of a piece of cold roaſt beef, on which he was regaling in the kitchen; and ſo well was he pleaſed with him for his attachment to Ned, that he had repleniſhed his pocket with a guinea, which honeſt David accepted with great pleaſure, as an omen of the immenſe wealth he ſhould acquire by plundering the rebels.

Meanwhile Ned finiſhed his laſt meal in the parlour, whilſt the ſtreaming eyes of Mrs. Evans fed on him with lingering looks, and her trembling hands were hardly able to fill out his tea. The horſes were now ready, and the trying moment now came that was to tear him from her arms. I am not able to deſcribe the unutterable tender-

tenderneſs with which ſhe folded him to her boſom, nor the devotion with which ſhe raiſed her trembling eyes to Heaven, when, graſping his hand in hers, and dropping on her knees, ſhe poured out her ſoul in prayer, beſeeching God to bleſs and to protect him.

If any one who may chance to read theſe pages ſhall know what it is to have had an only child—to have reared that child upon her breaſt, and ſeen him advance in every grace both of mind and body till he attained the bloom of opening manhood;—if at that ſeaſon ſhe has loſt him, or been obliged to part with him to a remote country, where dangers and difficulties were to ſurround him, and where a thouſand chances might ariſe to prevent her ever meeting him again—ſuch an one, and ſuch only can conceive what this poor woman felt on this occaſion. Her huſband was the firſt to comfort her: he raiſed her from her knees; he commended her piety and her prayer; he exhorted her to have con-

fidence in God, which he ſaid was the way to obtain what we aſked; and he ventured to predict, from an unaccountable gleam of comfort which gladdened his own heart, that their prayers were heard, and that they would all meet again.

Poor Ned himſelf had not a very ſoldier-like appearance—but, mingling his tears with hers, and joining with his father in his conſolations, he gave her a laſt kiſs, and haſtened to his horſe to quit a ſcene which was become more affecting than he could bear. The good curate haſtened too; and Morgan aſſiſting him on his horſe, they both rode off together. When they had gone about half a quarter of a mile, they came to a turning on the road, which afforded the laſt view of our parſon's little dwelling. Here Ned ſtopped his horſe (whilſt his father continued to ride on), to contemplate for a moment the little habitation, and take a laſt look of ſcenes ſo long endeared to him, and which perhaps he ſhould never ſee again. He was viewing

ing the two old oaks that ſtood before the houſe, and the window of the parlour which appeared between them, when he ſaw his poor mother ſtanding near them, and following with her eyes his laſt footſteps. He could not reſiſt the inclination, which this tenderneſs inſpired, to ſpeak one word of comfort more to her, and throw himſelf once more upon her boſom. He rode back; he alighted—he hung for a minute on her neck; ſhe ſtrained him once more to her heart; once more he quitted her embrace; he mounted his horſe again—and was out of ſight in a moment. He ſoon came up with his father, who was jogging on in a very reverend trot, and ſo wrapped up in contemplations that he had never miſſed him. Their converſation now took a livelier turn, which the fineneſs of the day and the beauty of the country inſpired. The fragrance of the air and the exerciſe of the ride exhilarated their ſpirits; and ſtill as their diſtance from home increaſed, Ned found the weight of parting from it dimi-

niſh, till at laſt he reſumed his uſual gaiety. The new proſpects which were opening to him in life contributed to this, and to fill his breaſt with hope, which is the parent of joy; and which the good-natured curate was ſo far from repreſſing, that he indulged in it himſelf, and promoted the ſenſation of it in his ſon.

Their journey paſſed on with pleaſure and ſatisfaction, and in the evening they arrived in ſafety at the Head, where they learned that the packet was not to ſail till about eleven o'clock the next day. This evening therefore they determined to paſs with as much cheerfulneſs as they could, and for that purpoſe ordered a good ſupper, and a bottle of the beſt wine. Over this liquor they ſat up till it was pretty late; and their converſation turned upon the entrance of young men into life, and particularly in that profeſſion in which Ned was now engaged. I will not attempt to give a detail of this converſation, though he that had the happineſs to hear it made

a vow

a vow never to forget it. But the precepts it inculcated were ſo oppoſite to the practice of moſt of the young officers with whom I have been acquainted, that I am afraid, if I was to relate it, it might bring my friend Evans into contempt with that reſpectable corps, or at leaſt diſcredit principles which were known to have reſided in the breaſt of a Welch curate, and which nevertheleſs would have done honour to the heart of the ableſt veteran in Europe. He did not indeed dwell much upon religion in this converſation, as might perhaps have been expected from one of his cloth. But the reaſon was not becauſe he thought religion uneſſential to the military character, but becauſe he knew Ned to be ſo well grounded in it already, as to prefer his faith even to his commiſſion, and that he had nothing new to learn on the ſubject; but what he chiefly deſcanted on to-night was *honour*, which he had often heard called the religion of a ſoldier, and indeed the only religion which a man of ſenſe ſhould profeſs. The

futility of this pernicious ſentiment he fully expoſed, by ſhewing that honour was never genuine when ſeparated from religion; and that it was in fact but a beautiful fruit engrafted on that ſtem. "Let us part it for a moment," ſaid he, "from this great root, whence every thing virtuous muſt ſpring, and behold what heterogeneous monſters it will produce! A man of honour, without religion, may ruin himſelf and his innocent children in an avaricious attempt to bring that ſame ruin upon another. A man of honour, without religion, may defraud an induſtrious tradeſman of a juſt demand, and involve his poor family in diſtreſs, to pay a debt of honour, as it is emphatically called, to a nobleman who does not want it, or to a ſharper who has perhaps won it unfairly—and this he muſt do, if he is unable to pay both debts, and is deſirous of ſtill maintaining the reputation of honour. A man of honour, without religion, may take advantage of the artleſs ſimplicity of ſome unſuſpecting girl, to rob her of that

honour

honour which he prizes ſo much himſelf; and afterwards may run her father or her brother through the body, for preſuming to call his honour in queſtion. A man of honour, without religion, may traffic for a ſeat in parliament to keep him out of jail, and may ſucceed in a bargain with ſome venal borough; he may then declaim in that parliament againſt bribery and corruption, and ſell the intereſts of his conſtituents to a worthleſs miniſter, with as little ceremony as he bought them.

"Theſe, and a thouſand other characters ſuch as theſe, are the daily product of what the world calls honour. But let not my dear boy miſtake me, and think that I am decrying the nobleſt principle of the ſoul, or ſacrificing honour at the ſhrine of religion:—if honour without religion is bad, —religion without honour is a thouſand times worſe: '*Corruptio optimi eſt peſſima.*' Now, true religion being the beſt and moſt ſacred thing on earth, the corruption of it is the worſt of all corruptions. Accordingly

ingly the moſt flagitious characters that have ever appeared in the world, have been hypocrites; and the moſt enormous wickedneſs that ever diſgraced mankind, or outraged the feelings of humanity, has been perpetrated under the name of religion. —but it was religion diveſted of honour. Cromwell and his ſaints may ſerve for a ſpecimen of the one—The inquiſition and the jeſuits, the Sicilian veſpers, the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, nay the whole hiſtory of popery abounds with examples of the other. But true honour, and true religion, are not accountable for the corruptions which wicked men have introduced in either. Theſe are harmonious principles, wedded together, and which cannot exiſt aſunder. They are ſweet concords, whoſe uniſon charms the ſoul, and makes it fit for heaven. As for you, my boy, I have no fear either for your honour or your faith. I have not taught you to place religion in abſtract ſpeculations, or in a ſervile aſſent to unintelligible creeds—but in thoſe ſubſtantial

tial duties which the great Author of ours came into the world to preach and to practiſe, and which, if we would believe himſelf, is the only thing of worth in any religion. For what does he require of thee, O man! but to abſtain from evil; to do juſtice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? But nothing ſhews more the neceſſity of religion to a man of true honour, than the opinion of the world concerning gratitude. Even in this profligate age, no man would be allowed to have honour, who could return an extraordinary kindneſs with ſcorn and contempt. Now God is the greateſt benefactor that any man ever had, or ever can have. I never can believe therefore, that he who can be falſe to his God, will ever be true to his king or his country, to his miſtreſs or his friend. And now, Ned, that I have named the word miſtreſs, give me leave to point out to you the only rock on which I think your honour can ever be in danger. I know your attachment to Lady Cecilia Rivers; and I think,

think, conſidering your adventure with her, and ſome other circumſtances that I ſhall not name, that it is more than poſſible ſhe may incline to wiſh you well. You are now going into her preſence; and are invited even to dwell with her, by her father. But, Oh remember, Edward, what that father has done for you! and do not abuſe his generous friendſhip, by ſeducing the affections of his child. You know the immenſe diſtance of your rank; and that if ſhe could be weak enough to conſent to marry you, the conſequence would, to her, be nothing leſs than ruin.—Let your honour then be triumphant over your paſſion, let the ſpirit of a ſoldier teach you to conquer, and let your firſt victory be over yourſelf. Leave fiddlers and dancing-maſters to abuſe the hoſpitality of their patrons by robbing them of their daughters; but let my generous Edward ſcorn ſuch unworthy actions—let him ſupport the honour of an ancient Briton, and ſhew his noble friend that the barren wilds of Wales, and

the

the humble cottages of its curates, may produce ſpirits worthier of happier climes, and of more exalted fortunes. Let him ſee that he has not miſplaced his friendſhip, and that the laſt vice you can be guilty of is ingratitude."

Here Evans pauſed for a reply;—but Ned continued wrapped in the profoundeſt meditation. "Speak to me, my child!" ſaid Evans again, "and paſs me your word of honour not to attempt to ſeduce the affections of Lady Cecilia Rivers!"—"Seduce her affections! No, my father! (replied Ned) by Heaven I would not ſeduce her to be the monarch of the univerſe! You ſay you know my attachment to her: I avow it; and when I ceaſe to be attached to her, I ſhall be attached to nothing upon earth. But calm your fears, either for her honour or for mine:—her mind is ſo pure as to reſiſt all corruption, and her underſtanding ſo clear that to circumvent it is impoſſible.—But know that, if it was not ſo, your ſon would ſooner periſh in the duſt

before

before he would hazard to offend her. You ſay you think it poſſible ſhe may incline to wiſh me well:—I am ſure ſhe does ſo; but in the light you ſeem to hint, I do not believe ſhe thinks of me at all. Yet, Oh my father! pardon me if I muſt tell you, that if I thought it poſſible ſhe ſhould ever bend her thoughts to match herſelf with your poor Edward, I would embrace my happineſs with ecſtacy, and aſpire to her arms, though ſhe was ſeated on the throne. And where would be the diſhonour in this? or where would be the ruin? It is true I am not rich—and it is true I am not a lord: but it is alſo true I am a gentleman, and that I have never done any thing to forfeit that character.—In that character therefore I ſhall ever think I have a right to puſh my fortune wherever I can find it; and after the charming leſſon which you have read me this night on honour and religion, the muſic of which ſtill tingles in my ears, my dear father! you muſt excuſe my acting ſo inconſiſtent with both, as to make

you

you a promiſe which I am ſure I ſhall not be able to perform."—"Enough, my ſon," ſaid Evans: "enough, my deareſt child! I will exact no promiſe, and I am ſatisfied with your reaſons for giving none. Go, my boy—go where fortune leads you!—Court her through the paths of honour, and may glory and ſucceſs attend you!"

The clock now ſtruck two:—they rang the bell for the waiter. They were ſhewn to the ſame apartment; and this being the laſt night in which perhaps they ſhould ever be together, they reſolved not to ſeparate: they quickly undreſſed, and lay down in the ſame bed, where their innocent and peaceful minds were ſoon ſealed in the profoundeſt ſleep.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

THE morning was pretty far advanced before either of them awoke; the waiter came to ſummon them to breakfaſt, and to inform them that the wind was fair. The captain of the packet had juſt called at the houſe to acquaint the paſſengers he ſhould ſail in an hour. When they had finiſhed their laſt meal together, Evans took Ned by the hand, and, looking on him with inexpreſſible tenderneſs—"I had ſomething to reveal to you, my dear boy!" ſaid he, "which may ſome time or other be of conſequence to you, though at preſent it can be of none. I will therefore ſuppreſs it now. But if ever we live to meet again, I will acquaint you with it; and in caſe it ſhall pleaſe God to take me from you, I ſhall take care to have it told you.——I know not what fortune may attend you—you may riſe to honour and to fame; or you

you may ſink under misfortune. and walk in the valley of death. In either caſe, my darling child! here is your conſolation—here is a friend that will never forſake you; that will teach you to uſe proſperity with moderation, and to ſupport adverſity without being overwhelmed. Take it, my child—uſe it—keep it—conſult it upon all occaſions, and truſt your father when he tells you, it has been his cordial through many afflictions." He then put into his hand a pocket edition of the Bible. "I accept your preſent, my father!" ſaid Ned, "with thankfulneſs; and in this caſe I will make no ſcruple of paſſing you my moſt ſacred word of honour, that I will obey your injunctions. And now too, my father, I muſt tell you in my turn, that I alſo had a ſecret to reveal which yet at preſent I am obliged to ſuppreſs. Yet I will acquaint you with it by letter; and I make it my laſt requeſt to you, that you will comply with my deſire." "I know nothing, my child," ſaid Evans, "that you can demand of me,

that

that I ſhall ever wiſh to refuſe."—The captain of the packet now came to ſummon Ned on board, which put a ſtop to all further explanation: what Evans had to reveal muſt remain in his own boſom till he chooſes to tell it—at this time it could have been of no conſequence to Edward, unleſs perhaps to afflict him, though indeed without reaſon. What Ned had to reveal to his father, was certainly his affair with Molly Price: but the piety of that ingenuous youth could not bear the preſence of his father under the conſciouſneſs of guilt.

They now walked together to the veſſel, and took their laſt leave upon the beach. They ſhook hands for the laſt time with the warmth of ſincere affection, but without thoſe tears which are the characteriſtics of female partings.

Mr. Evans ſtood upon the beach till the packet got under weigh; he continued to gaze on her till ſhe turned out of the harbour, and the intervening rocks concealed her from his view. He then returned to the

the inn; and having ordered his horſe, and paid the bill, he ſet forward on his way home. He had not gone many miles before the weather began to change. The wind, which had been ſouth-eaſt in the morning, now turned to the ſouth-weſt, and brought with it heavy ſqualls of rain. His tears now roſe for his ſon, to whom this wind was adverſe; and he was often upon the point of returning to the Head, in hopes the packet would put back, and that he ſhould again fold him in his arms. As he rode on, doubting in his mind, the comfortable little inn of Gwindu appeared, the landlady of which he was long acquainted with, and whoſe character and hoſpitality deſervedly endear her to all who travel this road. Here therefore he determined to alight, and Mrs. Knowles herſelf met him at the gate. She received him with the cheerful welcome of genuine friendſhip; and her houſe being then full of company going to the Head, ſhe conducted him to her own little parlour behind the bar,

where he found an excellent fire, a neat room, and every thing elſe that could contribu to his comfortable entertainment. She now congratulated him on his ſon's commiſſion, which ſhe had heard of ſoon after he got it; and when Mr. Evans expreſſed his anxiety to her for his ſafety, as he had that morning ſailed for Ireland, ſhe allayed his fears, by aſſuring him there had no accident happened to a packet within any body's recollection. "They are ſuch excellent veſſels," ſaid ſhe, "and ſo well found both in ſailors and commanders, that though they ſail in all weathers, they always come ſafe. At preſent the wind is contrary, to be ſure, but it is far from a ſtorm; and it may be fair again before night, for nothing is more common. And ſo, my dear Sir," continued ſhe, "repoſe yourſelf here in quiet; the company will ſoon ſet forward to the Head, when you can have a room to yourſelf, and continue your journey in the morning." Mr. Evans thanked her for her kind invitation, but expreſſed his

his poſitive determination to go home that night at all events. "My poor wife," ſaid he, "is all alone, and ſtands in need of my company to relieve her ſorrow for parting with her ſon."—"Well then," ſaid ſhe, "if you are determined to go, I cannot help it: but I muſt inſiſt on your obliging me in one thing. I have a chaiſe here of my ſiſter Jackſon's at the Ferry, which I am obliged to ſend home; and as the evening is ſtill wet, I inſiſt on your going in it at free coſt (for it muſt go at any rate), and your horſe may be tied behind it and follow after." This offer, ſo obliging and ſo convenient, was not to be refuſed; he therefore gladly accepted it; and then aſking what was to pay for his dinner, ſhe poſitively refuſed to take a farthing. The chaiſe being now ready, he got into it, after having kindly taken leave of Mrs. Knowles; and fully convinced in his own mind that there were not ſix ſuch miſtreſſes of an inn in all the world.

When he got to Bangor Ferry, he gave

the lad who drove him a ſhilling; and, mounting his own horſe, continued his journey home. The evening had cleared up; and the night, which had now ſet in, ſeemed much better than there had been any reaſon to expect ſome time before. This eaſed his mind with regard to Edward, and enabled him to meet his wife with more cheerfulneſs than he otherwiſe could have done. He found that good woman juſt ſitting down to her ſolitary meal, which was to ſerve her both for dinner and ſupper; for ſhe had long delayed dining, in hopes of the comfort of her huſband's return. Were I to relate the tender meeting of this fond and faithful pair, I am afraid moſt married couples would ſay it was unnatural—it was ſo utterly unlike the generality of connubial meetings now-a-days. Yet their happineſs was a little allayed, when they ſaw but two plates upon the table; they miſſed the third who added ſo much cheerfulneſs to their meals, and the thoughts of the abſent filled both their eyes with tears.

tears. Juſt then Towſer, who had been Ned's favourite dog, came wagging his tail to Evans, and put his foot upon his knee. "Poor fellow!" ſaid Evans, patting his head, and giving him a bone to pick, "I will be kind to you, Towſer, for your maſter's ſake." Mrs. Evans, whoſe eye was fixed on a little round hat which Ned uſed to wear, and which ſtill hung upon the peg, from which ſhe would not ſuffer it to be removed, ſaid with a ſigh which came from the bottom of her ſoul, "Alas! my poor boy!—I ſhall never ſee you more!"—"God forbid!" ſaid Evans; "I truſt we ſhall ſpend many happy days together yet. Come, wife!" ſaid he, "uncork a bottle of wine. Sorrow, they ſay, is dry—let us drink a bumper to Ned's health, and may we live to ſee him a general officer!"—"God grant that I may live to ſee him at all!" ſaid ſhe; "but I will pledge your toaſt." So ſhe brought the wine, which her huſband well knew her ſpirits required. He made her drink a

bumper, and another to the back of it; and affected a cheerfulneſs, which at that time he did not really poſſeſs, on purpoſe to alleviate the load under which he ſaw ſhe laboured. In part he ſucceeded; and time, which leſſens all ſorrows, at length ſoftened hers. And here we ſhall take leave of this worthy couple for a long ſeaſon; truſting they will continue to live and to be happy, while we follow the fortunes of their ſon.

CHAP. XXII.

THE packet had proceeded but a ſhort way on her voyage when the weather changed, as we have ſeen before; and the wind coming now contrary, and blowing freſh, there was a general diſcharge among the paſſengers of all they had eaten the day before.

before. Ned was not free from theſe qualms; yet he was not ſo taken up with his own ſufferings, but that he could feel for thoſe of the ladies who were on board, and whoſe unavoidable diſtreſſes made them real objects of compaſſion. He endeavoured to relieve them as long as he was able; but the veſſel continuing to work violently, he was obliged to retire to his birth. They continued the whole night at ſea; but the weather having grown more favourable towards morning, he was able, as ſoon as it was day, to go upon deck. Here he had the firſt view of the Iriſh ſhore. The ſight of any land is pleaſant to one who has not been accuſtomed to the ſea, but the bay of Dublin preſents objects particularly grand and noble. He ſaw it this morning in its higheſt beauty. On one ſide was the Hill of Hoath, with the romantic rock called Ireland's Eye, and the Iſland of Lambay beyond it; on the other were the Wicklow Mountains riſing to the ſkies, and their tops ſtill ſhrowded with the morning clouds.

In front appeared the light-houſe, white as ſnow, and looking like Venus riſing out of the waves. The ſpires of the metropolis glimmered at a diſtance through the miſt that always hangs over great cities, while the new-riſen ſun gilded the intermediate country, rich in an infinite variety, where groves and palaces, cottages and corn-fields, towns and country ſeats, maſts and trees, ſeemed blended together. Ned, who had a taſte for painting, could not fail to be delighted with the beauty of this proſpect; but, charming as it was, could he have diſtinguiſhed among it the dwelling of Lady Cecilia, I believe the other objects would have been but little regarded.

About eight o'clock in the morning they paſſed the bar; and a wherry always attending the packet, he was in leſs than an hour after landed on the quay, oppoſite the Marine Hotel. Here he had a proof of the amazing hoſpitality and good manners of the Iriſh; for he had ſcarcely ſet his foot upon the ground, when half a dozen ragamuffins

muffins without coats, and others without ſhoes, welcomed his honour on ſhore, and ſeemed to be almoſt quarrelling among themſelves which ſhould take his honour's trunk to the hotel, which was about twenty yards diſtance. At laſt this was effected by agreement; for two carried the trunk which weighed about three ſtone, and another carried his boots which weighed about three pounds, and they only demanded three ſixpence-halfpennies. It had hardly been depoſited three minutes in the houſe, when another very obliging gentleman appeared, who told his honour he was an officer of the cuſtoms, and that his trunk muſt be taken to the cuſtom-houſe; but, if his honour would give him a ſhilling, he would diſpenſe with the laws ſo far as to permit him to take any thing out of it he pleaſed. Poor Ned complied with the utmoſt good humour with theſe extortions, but told the officer he had not leſs than half-a-guinea about him. The other very politely offered to get it changed;

whereupon Ned gave it to him directly for that purpoſe. His ſea ſickneſs being now quite gone, and his ſtomach completely empty, he aſked the landlord if he could get any thing for breakfaſt; who replied, he might have any thing he pleaſed. He was then ſhewn into a very handſome and well-furniſhed parlour, though they had forgot to ſweep it for about a week before; and here his breakfaſt was ſerved, which, to do the landlord juſtice, was both good and reaſonable, and Ned did it ample juſtice in the eating. Poor Morgan too, who was as hungry as his maſter, was equally well ſerved without. Ned now wondered the officer did not come back with his change; but thoſe who knew that gentleman better, would have wondered more if he had. The truth is, he was no officer at all; but he thought, by the innocence of Ned's countenance, that he was a fine ſubject for a cheat; in which he too happily ſucceeded, and the poor youth was obliged to purchaſe this firſt piece of experience at the price of

half-a-guinea. But now a real officer appeared, whoſe ſtory, however, was much the ſame as the other's, and only differed in the authority of the teller. So Ned having taken out ſome articles of dreſs, and ten guineas in money, he delivered his trunk to the officer, and ordered David to go with him to the cuſtom-houſe with the key, and when it was ſearched to bring it back. Meanwhile he got a hair-dreſſer to ſet his head in order; and having put on his beſt clothes, which were the ſame we formerly mentioned to be approved of by Lady Cecilia, he only waited for Morgan's return to go to pay his reſpects to that divine beauty.

His heart was ſo eager to behold her ladyſhip, that he thought every minute an hour till he returned; and he was ſo often at the door of the houſe looking for him, that the maids took that opportunity of gazing at him till they put him entirely out of countenance. "He is a charming fellow," ſaid one, "and has the fineſt eyes I

ever ſaw." "He has the beſt legs that ever I ſaw with an Engliſhman," ſays a ſecond, "but I think he is a little too ſhame-faced." "That's owing to his youth," ſaid a third; "but I ſhould like him charmingly for a huſband." Whilſt theſe elegant obſervations were making, Morgan returned with the trunk, which Ned delivered into the cuſtody of the landlord till he ſhould ſend for it, and he promiſed to take care of it. He ordered Morgan to ſtay there too, and ſallied out himſelf in queſt of Lord Ravenſdale's.

It was no difficult matter to find his lordſhip's houſe. As he went up to the door, his heart palpitated at his ſide, and his breath was as ſhort as if he had run three miles. He had reſolution enough, however, to knock at it, when it was opened by a footman in a very elegant livery. Ned aſked if Lord Ravenſdale was at home? The man anſwered, that his Lordſhip and Lady Cecilia had gone down to the country three days before, and that

they

they were not expected again ſoon. This was a grievous diſappointment to poor Ned, as the ſervant, if he had been expert in reading countenances, might eaſily have perceived. He then aſked if any of the family were in town? The man anſwered, that both Lord Rivers and the Captain were in town, but that his Lordſhip was not yet riſen, and the Captain had gone out ſeveral hours ago. Ned was now going away; when the ſervant aſked him if he would not be ſo good as to leave his name, or that if he would call again in an hour he would probably find Lord Rivers up. "You may tell his Lordſhip," ſaid Ned, "that Mr. Evans from Wales was here, and that I will call again." He then went away, and the ſervant ſhut the door.

As Lord Ravenſdale's houſe was in Merrion Square, he intended to amuſe himſelf with ſauntering about the neighbouring ſtreets, and admiring the many beautiful buildings which ſurrounded him, until it ſhould be time to call again on Lord Rivers.

Paſſing

Paſſing along Merrion-ſtreet, he was infinitely ſtruck with the grandeur of the Duke of Leinſter's. The beautiful opening at the back of that noble palace, and the elegant diſpoſition of the ground, with the refreſhing verdure of the lawn, and the variety of ſhrubs that ſurround it, charmed his fancy, and made him think it a dwelling fit for a ſovereign. As he ſtood admiring it, two ſtout lads approached him, who had each a baſket on his head, and a knife with a piece of ſteel at his ſide. He aſked one of theſe lads whoſe noble palace that was which he was looking at? "Oh Jeſus!" ſays the other, "Where were you born, that you don't know who lives there?" "What's that to you where I was born?" ſaid Ned; "I aſk you whoſe houſe that is?" "What 's that to you whoſe houſe it is?" ſaid the other: "Go look, and be damned!" Ned, who was not accuſtomed to this language, grew a little angry; which the other obſerving, ſaid, "By Jeſus hur is a Welchman, hur Welch plud is up.

Ah!

Ah! when did hur croſs the ferry, agrah! and how did hur leave St. Taffy, and who milks hur grandmother's goats, now hur is away?" Ned, whoſe Welch blood was now up in earneſt at this diſreſpectful mention of his country, gave the fellow a ſtroke with a rattan which he had in his hand; and was preparing to give him another, when the ſecond boy came behind him, and clapped his empty baſket downwards over his head, and pulling him back, tripped him at the ſame time, ſo that he fell backwards on the ground; and the cunning raſcal pretending to fall at top of him, wedged his head in the handle of the baſket, and left him in that awkward ſituation, and both of them ran away.

Though Ned was taken unawares, yet he ſoon recovered himſelf, and got diſengaged from the baſket. A chairman who chanced to come by then being informed by him what had happened, went into a gentleman's houſe; and bringing out a clothes-bruſh freed him from the duſt, and

aſſiſted

aſſiſted to put him to rights. Ned was very thankful for this civility; and putting his hand in his pocket to give him a ſhilling, he found his purſe was gone, with the ten guineas he had juſt put into it; and what he regretted ſtill more, his watch, which was a preſent from his father, whoſe companion it had been for thirty years. There was no help for it, however—the thing was ſo ſudden, he would not have known the ſcoundrels again if he was to ſee them: like the wind, he could neither tell whence they came, nor whither they went. The chairman however condoled with his misfortune, and thanked him for his intention, as much as if he had got the ſhilling; and then left him, giving him this good advice, that if in future he ſhould ever be at a loſs for information in the ſtreets, never to aſk any body but a chairman, who, he could aſſure him, were all of them men of honour, and would not impoſe upon a ſtranger for the world.

Poor Ned being now on his legs again,

and

and readjuſted as to his dreſs, though without a penny in his pocket, walked on towards Stephen's Green. The noble grandeur of this magnificent ſquare ſurpriſed as much as it delighted him, and he was aſtoniſhed to ſee ſo extenſive an open in the midſt of a populous city. The trees were already putting forth their leaves, and the graſs in the field exhibited the richeſt verdure, indebted for its early ſpring to the richneſs of the ground, the warmth of the city, and the mild openneſs of the Iriſh climate, which brings every thing forward a month ſooner than in Wales. In the Beau-walk, which he had now entered, were a great number of well dreſſed people of both ſexes, walking in parties, and enjoying the fineneſs of the day; whilſt the elegant dreſſes of the ladies, and the freſhneſs of their complexions, made him almoſt believe he was in the iſland of Cythera, the native country of beauty and the graces. He might have indulged this imagination for ſome time longer, if he had not been accoſted

coſted by an old beggar-woman, who with a face of the moſt abject want, and with hardly a rag to cover her, aſked him for a halfpenny. He gave her a look of pity, which unhappily was all he had to give, and told her he was ſorry that he had nothing about him, for he had juſt parted with all the money he had brought out. She gave a ſigh, and turned up her eyes to Heaven—"God bleſs your ſweet face!" ſaid ſhe, "and may the holy Jeſus enlarge your ſtore!" As he walked on he obſerved the equeſtrian ſtatue in the centre of the field, though from its diſtance he could barely diſtinguiſh what it was.—He wiſhed to be informed about it; but not ſeeing any chairman near him, was afraid to aſk queſtions. At laſt, recollecting that he could not be robbed, and ſeeing at a diſtance a gentleman walking alone, whom, by a certain elevation of the head, a ſleek countenance, and a coat of the moſt gloſſy black, he concluded to be a dignified clergyman, he determined to aſk him. Juſt as he was approaching him,

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he perceived the poor beggar-woman ſtretching out her hand to him, and beſeeching his reverence to beſtow ſomething on her for charity. "Pr'ythee begone, woman!" ſaid the divine, "I never give any thing to beggars."—She dropped a curtſy, and retired. Ned's heart was ſmote:—he ſuffered him to paſs unnoticed. When he was gone out of hearing, he aſked the poor woman who he was? "It is Doctor Porpoiſe, ſir," ſaid ſhe; "the greateſt preacher in the kingdom, and they ſay he is to be the firſt biſhop." "He may preach as he pleaſes," ſaid Ned, "but his practice is very bad." "Oh no," ſaid the poor woman, "your honour does not know him—he ſubſcribes to all the charities in the kingdom, and it is thought he will build an hoſpital himſelf." "He may build ten if he will," ſaid Ned, "but he knows nothing of charity, and whenever he dies he will find his charity at the head of his ſins." "Oh! God forbid!" ſaid the poor woman; "I wiſh him well, though he gave me nothing." "Good woman,"

woman," ſaid Ned, "where do you live?" "Alas, ſir!" ſaid ſhe, "I am aſhamed to tell you—I live in the ſtreets—Where elſe can ſuch a wretch as I am find a habitation?" "I will ſee you here to-morrow," ſaid Ned, "and I will give you ſomething to get a better habitation." He was then going, but the woman held his coat—"Oh! ſir, give me leave to aſk; but—indeed I am afraid." "What are you afraid of?" ſaid Ned; "aſk what you want to know." "Are you an angel, ſir? for you look ſo like one, I would kiſs the hem of your garment." The ſtrangeneſs of the queſtion, for he perceived by her countenance that ſhe was really in doubt, had like to make him laugh. He however kept his gravity, and replied that he was indeed nothing but a man, and a poor one too—"Nevertheleſs," ſaid he, "I will not deceive you." The poor woman curtſied to the ground; and while ſhe was praying to the Almighty to reward him, he continued his walk.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

HE made the circuit of the whole Green, in which he ſaw much to admire, and ſtill more to condemn. The magnificence of many of the houſes pleaſed—while the meanneſs of others, and the want of regularity in the whole, did not fail to offend. But what diſguſted him moſt was the deep ditch which ſurrounds the fields, with a naſty, ſtinking, green, unwholeſome puddle at the bottom, which can anſwer no end but to annoy the inhabitants, and which it is aſtoniſhing they have ſo long endured. If that ditch was filled up, over a concealed drain; if the centre field was laid out in walks and ſhrubbery; if the mean houſes were removed, and new ones built on a regular and uniform plan, Stephen's Green would be the moſt beautiful ſquare in any city in Europe.

Having

Having now been near two hours on his walk, he returned back to Lord Ravenſdale's. When the ſervant opened the door he informed him that Lord Rivers had been obliged to go out, on buſineſs he could not neglect; but that he would be home to dinner, when he hoped to have the honour of Mr. Evans's company. The footman then ſhewed him up to the drawing-room.—Though Ned was no ſtranger to the beſt houſes in his own neighbourhood, yet he had never ſeen any thing like the apartment which he now entered. The room was 44 feet long, 34 wide, and 30 high:—it was hung with ſilk damaſk of an azure blue; chairs, ſophas, and window-curtains of the ſame; the latter hung in feſtoons, and ornamented with taſſels and a deep fringe of blue and ſilver. The ceiling and cornices were of the fineſt ſtucco, divided into compartments, in the four principal of which were painted, by an exquiſite hand, the four Seaſons: from the centre hung a luſtre of cut glaſs, with branches for ſix-and-

thirty

thirty candles, and which with all its appendages had coſt 1000 guineas. The beauty of the chimney-piece was inexpreſſible, which was all of Parian marble, and on the top of which ſtood the ſtatues of two naked boys, which were worthy to be the work of Phidias. The glaſſes, the carpets, and every thing elſe were anſwerable.—But the richeſt part of the furniture, and in compariſon of which all the reſt was nothing, was the pictures. Here were the works of Titian, Guido, Correggio, and Tintoret. A landſcape, by Claude, had caught his eye (for this was his favourite kind of painting), when, chancing to turn his head to the glaſs, he thought he ſaw Lady Cecilia behind him. He ſtarted and looked haſtily round, but alas! it was only her reſemblance—but then ſo exquiſitely like that it almoſt made amends for the diſappointment. The noble works of the Italian maſters were now obliged to yield to the more intereſting pencil of Angelica—for ſhe it was who painted this portrait.

Mrs.

Mrs. Kauffman had been ſome time before in Ireland, and Lord Ravenſdale could not miſs the opportunity of getting his daughter painted by ſo excellent an artiſt. She was drawn in the character of Diana; and never did the goddeſs herſelf on the banks of the renowned Eurotas, or in the numbers of the ſublimeſt poet, exhibit a more ſtriking combination of majeſty and ſweetneſs, of beauty, chaſtity, and grace. Ned gazed at it with rapture, aſtoniſhed at the art that could ſo happily repreſent the picture in his ſoul; and here he would ſtill have gazed, had not a thundering rap at the door, which ſhook the whole houſe, and which aſtoniſhed him, who had never in his life heard the like before, announced the arrival of Lord Rivers and the Captain.

The brothers immediately went up ſtairs; and Lord Rivers advancing to Edward with a ſliding bow—"I am infinitely happy," ſaid he, "Captain Evans, to have the honour of ſeeing you in this houſe; and I

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can aſſure you that my father and I, and all the family, have ſo juſt a ſenſe of the great obligation you have laid us under, that nothing on our parts ſhall be wanting to make your ſtay among us in this kingdom agreeable." Ned ſtood bluſhing to the eyes.—"Brother ſoldier," ſaid the captain, "I do not make long ſpeeches, but I am glad to ſee you here with all my heart; and ſo give me your hand."

This laſt addreſs relieved Ned from his embarraſſment, being much nearer his own ſtyle. He cordially ſhook hands with the captain; and after expreſſing his gratitude to his lordſhip and the family for ſo infinitely over-rating any little ſervice that he had been ſo fortunate as to render Lady Cecilia, he ſat down. They now enquired about his paſſage, the weather, the news in England, and, laſt of all, where he had left his baggage. My Lord told him that he was to conſider that houſe as his home; and, having rung the bell, he immediately diſpatched one of his ſervants

to the hotel, to bring David and the baggage to the houſe.

The clock now ſtruck five—when a ſervant appearing announced that dinner was on the table. The captain ſaid he would ſhew Ned the way, who followed after, and his lordſhip went laſt. In the parlour was a table elegantly covered, and a ſervant in a laced livery behind every chair. Ned ſtood ſome time expecting the grace; but finding it did not arrive, he ſat down. He and the captain did juſtice to a moſt excellent dinner, as excellently dreſſed; but his lordſhip could hardly touch any thing—he piddled a little with a ragout of palates and coxcombs, but was obliged to a glaſs of Burgundy to make it go down. His conſtitution indeed ſeemed wearing apace:—though his countenance was noble, and his figure elegant in the extreme—though he was in the very prime of life, being ſcarcely twenty-five years of age—yet there was a thoughtful melancholy in his look, which gave him a much older appearance, and

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the perpetual vigils of faſhionable diſſipation made him much older in conſtitution even than he appeared. The captain, on the contrary, who loved the ſports of the field, and who ſpent as much time in the country as he poſſibly could, was as fine a young fellow of twenty-two as you would ſee in a thouſand. When the cloth was removed, and the grace forgot as before, a beautiful deſſert in china and cut-glaſs was placed upon the table, conſiſting of all the fruits in ſeaſon, and thoſe that were out of ſeaſon preſerved, whilſt the fineſt wines of France bluſhed in the decanters.—After a full bumper to the king, and ſucceſs to his arms by ſea and land, Lord Rivers's ſpirits began to revive: an elegant and ſpirited converſation took place, which, enriched with claret and enlivened by champagne, abounded both with wit and information. I wiſh I could repeat it to my readers, but wit at ſecond-hand evaporates: ſuffice it to ſay, Ned bore his ſhare, and during a couple of hours that they ſat together greatly ſur-

priſed them by his ſallies of humour, united with politeneſs, modeſty, and good ſenſe. The captain in particular conceived a warm affection for him, and my lord declared he wanted nothing but a little intercourſe with high-life, to rub off his baſhfulneſs, and he would be an abſolute *beau garçon*.

His lordſhip then aſked his brother where he was to ſpend the evening? who anſwered, that not knowing of Mr. Evans's arrival, he had promiſed that morning to ſup with his poor friend Malone, "who you know," ſays he, "is inconſolable for the loſs of his wife; and nothing but ſuch an engagement as this, which I cannot put off, could make me part with you this evening." My lord ſaid, he would rather go to a funeral than to ſuch an engagement. "You will hear of nothing but the graces and virtues of his dear Louiſa, and nonſenſical whimſies about her employment in heaven.—But come, Captain Evans," ſaid he, "you ſhall go with me; I will carry you to a ſelect ſet, all of them choice ſpirits, and fellows

of

of the firſt faſhion and fortune in the kingdom. We have a room at a tavern, where ſuch of us as are not otherwiſe engaged meet every night, and where every thing is cheerful and *ſans ſouci*."

Ned ſaid, he would be happy to attend his lordſhip wherever he went. But now being informed that his ſervant had arrived with his trunk, he was ſhewn up to his bedchamber, where it was depoſited. The ſplendour of this apartment was ſuitable to the reſt of the houſe; and now he took out what remained of his money, being ſomewhat above thirty guineas, not doubting but he ſhould want ſome where he was going, and not ſuppoſing it could be in any danger in the company of Lord Rivers.

The chariot being now at the door, his lordſhip and Ned ſtepped into it, and they were driven through ſtreets which ſurpriſed Edward by their number and their illuminations, to the place of their deſtination. They were ſhewn up-ſtairs into a large room very well furniſhed, or rather two

rooms thrown into one, with a fire-place at each end, and a curtain which could be raiſed or let down at will in the middle. At one end of the room was a table ready laid for ſupper, with all things proper for an elegant entertainment; at the other end were four card-tables, at one of which was a party engaged at whiſt, and two gentlemen ſtanding at the fire. "Oh Rivers! are you come?" ſaid one of them: "What the devil kept you ſo late? Here is Sir George and I have been picking our teeth this hour." "Why, how long has the houſe been up?" ſaid my lord: "I thought you had been there to-day." "Oh, damn the houſe!" ſaid the other; "I don't believe 'tis up yet—I expect every minute to be ſent for to vote." "Why, what are you upon?" "Damn me if I know!—Flood was making an oration about ſomething or other; but he is ſo damnably long-winded, I had like to have fallen aſleep: ſo Sir George called me out into the lobby, and we both ſtole off together." "And how will you know

know how to vote then?" ſaid Lord Rivers. "Oh! damn you, Rivers!" ſaid the other, "who would think of your aſking me that queſtion? When you give your vote, do you always know what is the debate?"—"Yes, certainly," ſaid my lord. "Well, it may be ſo, *ſed credat Judæus*.—But I do not mean to contradict you." "Well, come," ſaid Lord Rivers, "it makes no difference to be ſure, we all of us vote with our party; and if the heads of that know what they are about, it is very well. Here let me introduce this gentleman to you, Trimwell; this is—Captain Evans, from Wales."

Ned was then introduced to all the gentlemen, who received him with reſpect; and his lordſhip propoſing to ſit down to cards, he was compelled to make one;—but firſt he declared againſt playing high, and ſaid he underſtood ſo little of cards, that if they could poſſibly do without him, he would rather not play at all. Lord Rivers ſaid, they played for mere nothing; only for

half-guineas, unleſs he choſe to bet. Ned ſaid, he never made any bets; and as he thought it was half-a-guinea a rubber, and that he really underſtood the game very well, he thought it would be rude to ſpoil their party: ſo he was prevailed upon to cut. Lord Rivers and he happened to be partners; and Fortune being in the mood of favouring him, he won the rubber. His lordſhip, who betted on the rubber, and on every odd trick, won alſo very conſiderably, and this put him into high good-humour. Ned expected only half-a-guinea; but he received two guineas and a half, it being a rubber of five. This however did not give him much ſatisfaction, as it ſhewed him he was playing for a much larger ſtake than he intended. He was however engaged, and he could not give over without breaking up the party: ſo he continued to ſit on. He played three rubbers more; and Fortune, as if ſhe intended to ſeduce him to be a gameſter, favoured him in every one.

He heard now confuſed noiſes behind the

the curtain, which had been let down, among which he diſtinguiſhed female voices; and one of the waiters announcing ſupper to be on the table, the card parties broke up, and Ned roſe a winner of eight guineas and a half.

The table was covered to profuſion, with every thing rare and elegant, the very names of which Ned never heard before. The ladies, who were four in number, were laughing at the upper end, dreſſed in the top of the mode; patched, painted, powdered, and perfumed, with plumes of feathers nodding on their heads: he ſuppoſed them to be ladies of faſhion, by their eaſe and their forwardneſs, eſpecially as he remembered Lord Rivers's obſervation, that he only wanted acquaintance with high life to rub off his baſhfulneſs. He thought however they ſtared at him more than was conſiſtent with good breeding, and their whiſpering and tittering did not appear perfectly polite. The company now ſat down, Lord Rivers at the upper end.—

"Come, gentlemen," ſaid he, "mix with the ladies, and ſit as they do in France; let us have no ceremonies here: Captain Evans, as you are the only ſtranger, and my gueſt, you will be pleaſed to ſit near me." All things being now adjuſted, they ſat down. Every body helped themſelves to what they liked, or called to another, if what they liked was not near them. Ned obſerved the gentlemen ſcarce taſted any thing; but the ladies made amends, for they devoured every thing as if they had faſted during a whole Lent. As ſoon as one of the ladies could diſengage her mouth from the leg of a duck which ſhe had ſtuffed in it, ſhe aſked Ned if he would hob nob.—"Hob nob, madam!" ſaid Ned, "what is that? I have not the honour to underſtand you." "O Jeſus, ſir!" ſaid ſhe, "did you never hob nob with a woman in all your life?" Ned, who was aſtoniſhed beyond all conception, could not tell what to anſwer, but bluſhed like ſcarlet. Moſt of the company laughed—but Lord Rivers ſaid,

"Captain

" Captain Evans, the lady only means to aſk you to drink a glaſs of wine with her; which in this country is called hob nobbing. I believe in Wales you have no ſuch term." " I really did not comprehend the lady's meaning," ſaid Ned; " but I will drink a glaſs of wine with her with all my heart."—She then toſſed off a bumper to Love and Friendſhip; in which Ned pledged her, though he thought in his own mind ſhe was no object of either.

Another of the ladies hearing that Ned came from Wales, aſked him if there were not a great many goats in it. He anſwered, that he believed there might. " Aye," ſays ſhe, " I thought ſo; you look ſo freſh complexioned—I ſuppoſe you live upon their whey?" Ned aſſured her that he never taſted a drop of their whey in all his life. " By the living jingo, that's very odd," ſaid ſhe: " why it is the greateſt reſtorative in nature." " O fie, Polly," ſaid another of the ladies, " do not ſwear—you knows I hates ſwearing, it ſounds ſo wulgar."—

"Why now!" ſaid the other, "it is hardly a month ſince I heard you ſwear Peg Plunket black in the face." "Madam," ſaid the other, "I ſcorn your words; and if I did ſwear once, it is a profane cuſtom, and I have left it off." "Come, come, ladies," ſaid my lord, "no quarrelling; all here muſt have freedom of ſpeech." "She is grown ſo ſanctified ſince ſhe took up with Parſon Simper, the methodiſt," ſaid the fourth lady, "that in another month we ſhall have her preaching ſermons!" "Madam," ſaid the other, "whatever you ſay of me, I beg you will ſpare that holy man, and do not make a jeſt of religion." "Why, what is religion but a jeſt?" ſaid Sir Thomas Spindle, a worn-out emaciated rake of ſeven-and-twenty; "damn me if any thing is ſo diſguſting to me as to hear a woman prate with virtue in her mouth and vice in her heart!" "Well, Sir Thomas," ſaid the lady, "nobody will accuſe you of either one or the other—for I defy any body to ſay they ever heard a vir-

a virtuous ſentiment come out of your mouth!" Here the laugh turned againſt poor Sir Thomas, in which every body joined except Ned, who was now fully appriſed of the character of the ladies, and whoſe diſguſt and contempt roſe to abſolute abhorrence.

A reinforcement of gentlemen now coming in from the houſe, which had juſt broke up, the converſation took a political turn, much to the ſatisfaction of Ned, who was thereby relieved from ribaldry and profaneneſs. Some of the new-comers diſplayed both genius and ſentiment, which a little reconciled him to his ſituation; and the ladies retiring without any body taking notice, except one or two of the gentlemen going off with them, among whom was Sir Thomas Spindle, with the very girl who turned him to ridicule, he reſumed his complacency and good-humour.

For ſome time the converſation was both intereſting and inſtructive, as the ſubject turned on the war in America, in

in which he was going to be engaged; and he would have liſtened to it with all his heart: but a difference in ſentiment ariſing, they began to grow warm; when Lord Rivers called them to order, and deſired them to remember that that room was dedicated to Concord. A libation of claret being then offered to that deity, cards were again propoſed, as thoſe who laſt came in had not played at all. Ned was again challenged to the field by the gentlemen whoſe money he had won, and whom therefore he could not decently refuſe. But the game they now played at was not whiſt, but loo, as taking in a greater number; and Lord Rivers was excuſed, as preſiding over the wine. For ſome time Fortune continued favourable to Ned; but at laſt the fickle goddeſs changed, and, after an hour's run of continual ill-luck, he found he had not only loſt all that he had won, but ſixteen guineas more. He now determined to give over, which nothing but his *mauvaiſe honte* had prevented him from doing long before.

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He therefore aſked Lord Rivers, in a whiſper, what time he thought of going home? "Not theſe three hours," ſaid his lordſhip: "ſure you are not tired—the fun is only beginning." "I beg to be excuſed, for my part," ſaid Ned, "for I really am fatigued; I got no reſt laſt night at ſea, and I confeſs I long to get to bed." "Oh then, if that is the caſe," ſaid his lordſhip, "I dare ſay my carriage is in waiting, which ſhall carry you home when you pleaſe." As he went out of the room, his lordſhip followed him; and being alone together on the head of the ſtairs, he ſaid to Ned, "Perhaps, my dear fellow, you have been unlucky. If you have loſt any money, the only way to retrieve it is to play on: and if you are out of caſh, here is my purſe for you, which you may always freely command on this or any other occaſion." Ned thanked his lordſhip, but aſſured him it was no ſuch thing—he was really tired. But the generoſity of the offer, and the noble frankneſs with which it was made, reſtored Lord Rivers to his

eſteem, who had begun a little to ſink in it before. The carriage being now ready, Lord Rivers returned to the company, and Ned went home to Lord Ravenſdale's.

CHAP. XXIV.

WHEN Ned alighted at Lord Ravenſdale's, he enquired for Captain Rivers, and was told he had gone to bed three hours before. The ſervant then ſhewed him up to his chamber, where a pair of wax candles were burning, and where David Morgan was ſtirring the fire, and waiting to attend him. When they were by themſelves, "Well, Morgan," ſaid he, "what have you been doing, and how do you like Dublin?" "Oh! maſter, 'tis the fineſt place in all the world," ſaid he. "Doing! Oh, ſuch rare doing! I never ſaw the like in all my life. My lord and you had hardly been gone half an hour, when company came

came to Mr. O'Frizzle, my lord's gentleman, and to Mrs. Mulroony, the houſekeeper—for you muſt know they are very great, and always ſee company together. There was Mrs. Geoghegan, Lady Rumpus's waiting-woman, and Miſs Flanagan her niece; and there was Monſieur Papillotte, a ſweetheart of Miſs Flanagan's, and Mr. Sideboard my lord's butler—and to be ſure they were all dreſſed like ſo many lords and ladies. And the ladies came carried by men in leather boxes, but the gentlemen walked—and they were all ſhewed in to Mrs. Mulroony's room, which ſhe ſaid would be more convenient than the parlour, as Captain Rivers was in town; and there they had tea and cards." "Well, and did you play cards too?" ſaid Ned. "Oh! no," ſaid Morgan: "Does your honour think I would be ſuch a fool as to loſe my little money among folks ſo much above me?" "Hem! hem!" ſaid Ned, "you were very wiſe indeed—Go on—what did you do then?" "Why, Mrs. Mulroony

desired the cook to have supper by eleven; and she said, 'Yes, to be sure, madam.' So the maids got their tea when the ladies had done, and they invited me and my Lord's footman to drink tea with them; and so we all did, to be sure: and after we had done, then we all went and played blind-man's buff in the servants' hall till supper was ready, and then the footmen went to attend upon the ladies; and when they had done, it was brought in to us; and a rare supper it was, and plenty of it, enough to keep a Welch squire for a fortnight: and so we had hardly done, when Mr. Sideboard brought a bottle of claret, and gave it to me because I was a stranger; and so I poured it into a large bowl of punch for the good of the company, and we all drank it, and were as happy as so many fiddlers;—and we had hardly finished when your honour came home." "Well," said Ned, "'tis very fine indeed. But go now to your bed—you need not stay up for me." So Morgan retired, and left his master to himself.

When

When he was alone, the events of the day came crowding on his mind. "What an idiot am I!" ſaid he to himſelf, "and how improper to be left to my own guidance! I have not yet been eight-and-forty hours from the protection of my father, and how bitterly do I feel the want of him! Into what diſtreſs have my folly and inexperience already led me!" He now took out his purſe, and laid it on the table: he ſurveyed it for a moment in ſilence, as if afraid to count its contents. At laſt he emptied them out, and found that of the fifty guineas which his father gave him but two days before, he had but ſeventeen remaining; and that he had not got one earthly thing, not even pleaſure, in exchange. "This ſum," ſaid he, "which I have thus loſt and ſquandered in one day, would have maintained my poor father for a whole year. Yet," ſaid he, "it ſhall not be wholly loſt; it ſhall at leaſt purchaſe me experience: and I have this comfort, that though I have loſt it by folly, I have not ſquandered it on

vice. Oh! my loved father," ſaid he, "thou art now ſleeping in thy bed! Perhaps in the very hour in which thy ſon was ſitting among proſtitutes, thy hands were lifted to Heaven in prayer for him. Nor ſhall they be lifted up in vain," ſaid he; "I am not contaminated by the vile ſociety into which *I* was ignorantly introduced, and into which nothing ſhall ever betray me again. I will proſtrate myſelf before thy father and mine; and I will commit myſelf in confidence to his protection." With theſe words he retired to his bed-ſide, and, falling on his knees, ſpent ten minutes in the moſt devout prayer. He aroſe refreſhed—the burthen of having done wrong was removed—and a ſecret gleam of ſatisfaction, which the conſciouſneſs of acting right always inſpires, ſhot through his ſoul, and reſtored his ſpirits to compoſure. He now undreſſed to go to bed; but firſt he determined to put back the remains of his money in his trunk, and never to carry about him more than a guinea

or two at a time, for fear of accidents. He returned it therefore to the place from whence he took it; and in rummaging about to get a clean night-cap, was ſurpriſed to ſee wedged in a corner his father's tobacco-box. He could not conceive who had put it there; yet he was glad to ſee it for the ſake of him to whom it belonged; for ſince he had loſt the watch, he had no little keep-ſake to remember him by. He took it out, and was going to kiſs it; but when he felt it, he was at no loſs to know who put it there—the good and generous curate had indeed conveyed it there himſelf, and in it the fifty guineas which he could not prevail on his ſon to take. Ned ſtood in no need of this preſent to endear his father to him; yet the ſurpriſe at this unexpected genero-ſity, the delicacy with which it was ma-naged, and the ſolid comfort which it brought, almoſt overwhelmed him with gratitude. The fulneſs of his heart found a vent at his eyes; and now, all burthens being removed, he ſurrendered himſelf to

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the ſweet bleſſing of happy and tranquil ſleep.

It was nine in the morning when he aroſe, and then he went down to the parlour: there he found Captain Rivers reading the newſpapers, and the table laid for breakfaſt. "Good-morrow to you, my friend," ſaid the captain; "how have you reſted all night?" "Never better," replied Ned, "for the time of it that I have been in bed." "Well, how did you like your company?" ſaid the captain. "Why, 'faith, to be ſincere with you," ſaid Ned, "I was a little diſappointed there." "I was afraid it would be ſo," replied the other; "but when my brother aſked you to go, it did not become me to make any objections—Did you play?" "Why yes," ſaid he; "I could not help it." "And you loſt too, I dare ſay?" "Why yes," ſaid Ned, "you are right there too; but not a great deal." Ned then recounted to him all the tranſactions of the evening. "My dear friend," ſaid the captain, "I am glad you have been among

among them once, and I am glad too that you have loſt your money—for I did ſo too; and I dare ſay you will follow my example, and never hazard it there again. In the company among whom you were laſt night, were ſome men both of genius and virtue; and there are many more belonging to the club of the ſame character, whom you did not ſee. The ruin of it is, there are others of a different ſtamp, and unluckily there were too many of theſe there laſt night. But what makes it entirely unfit for you or me is, that all the members of it are curſed with great fortunes; which enable them to do whatever they pleaſe, and to juſtify whatever they do. My poor brother is ſo attached to the freedom and wit that ſometimes reign there, that I cannot prevail upon him to leave the ſociety, though he by no means approves of every thing that is allowed there, and their late hours have viſibly impaired his health. It is hardly two hours ſince he went to bed. But while we ſtay in town, I will take the liberty

of

of conducting you; and I can assure you, you may keep the very best company in it for a month, and play cards too with them every evening, for the half of the money you have lost last night. And now that I have mentioned money to you, I beg you will not think me impertinent in presuming to offer you some: I know you must want it, and that you will still want it; and I know how dreadful that want is to a gentleman of delicacy and feeling." He then offered him a bank-bill for fifty pounds. Ned, however, absolutely refused to take it. He frankly told him what money he had by him, and how obtained — and said, he should never forgive himself, if he could not make his pay serve him, which was so much more than he was born to, and which was obliged to serve so many men better than himself.

Captain Rivers applauded his sentiments, and was greatly pleased with the generosity of old Evans. "As you have so much money by you," said he, "I will not hurt your

your feelings by preſſing this on you now; but in return I inſiſt upon your making me your banker, and applying to me whenever you are out:—and in this I will not pretend either to friendſhip or generoſity, for I have my father's orders for ſo doing; and I am ſure it is not his intention to leave you to ſubſiſt on your commiſſion."—"Your father," replied Ned, "has already conferred favours upon me infinitely beyond what I was any way entitled to; I cannot think therefore of becoming burdenſome to his generoſity, or overwhelming myſelf with obligations which I never can repay but by my gratitude."—"And is not that ample payment?" replied the captain: "What more precious offering can a generous mind either give or receive? But in your caſe, my dear friend, the debtor is my father; we are all your debtors—believe me that we think ſo, and that it is not the paltry gift of your commiſſion that ſhall acquit us."—Ned was at ſome loſs to reply. "You are all of you too good," ſaid he.

"But ſhall I ever ſee your father? Shall I be permitted to thank him in perſon for his kindneſs, and to have the happineſs again to ſee Lady Cecilia?"—"Doubtleſs," ſaid he, "you ſhall. We have expected you here ſome time:—my father has been lately ill, and the phyſicians thought country air neceſſary to his recovery—had that not been the caſe, he would have been in town, for he is very ſcrupulous in his attendance on parliament. I wrote to him laſt night that you were come, and I doubt not but the next poſt will bring us a ſummons to go down to him."—This was new life to Ned, whoſe ſatisfaction could hardly be increaſed—unleſs by the arrival of a mountain of toaſt and butter, with which the footman now entered the room—for the man was ſo ſagacious, he meaſured Ned's ſtomach by the captain's, and indeed the event ſhewed he had not been miſtaken.

They were in the middle of their breakfaſt, when a ſervant came to tell Ned that a chairman wanted to ſpeak to him. "To

ſpeak

ſpeak to me!" ſaid Ned: "What can he want? I know nobody in the town." "Bid him come to the door here," ſaid the captain, "and ſay what he wants. You ſee Mr. Evans is at breakfaſt." "I am come," ſaid the chairman, "pleaſe your Honour, to tell you I have diſcovered the two boys who robbed your Honour yeſterday; your watch and your money is found upon them, and they are both in cuſtody." "Good God!" ſaid Captain Rivers, "what is this? Have you been robbed too ſince you came?" "I'll tell you all by and by," ſaid Ned; "but the adventure was ſo ridiculous, I was aſhamed to mention it before. How did you find them, my friend?" ſaid he to the chairman; "I ſee you are indeed a man of honour, as you told me." "I hope I am, pleaſe your Honour, and worthy of the name which I bear." "Why, what is your name?" ſaid Captain Rivers.—"Phelim O'Shaghneſſy, pleaſe your Honour," ſaid the other. "It is a very fine ſounding name indeed," replied the captain,

" and ought not to be diſgraced."—" Nor never ſhall by me," ſaid the chairman. " But as I was telling your Honour, after I parted with you yeſterday after bruſhing your Honour's clothes, I thought with myſelf, now 'tis ten to one but theſe boys will go into ſome ale-houſe near at hand, to drink and to divide their ſpoil; or perhaps one of them may ſkulk ſomewhere about, and come back by and by for his baſket. So I ſets one of my companions to watch the baſket, and I went myſelf to all the ale-houſes in the neighbourhood; and ſure enough, as I fancied ſo it fell out; for at Larry Dermot's, the corner of Stable-lane, I ſees my two gentlemen ſet up in a box together, and laughing moſt heartily over a pot. I made as if I knew nothing, but ſat down beſide them and called for a pot too. Gentlemen, ſays I, here's both your healths. Thank you heartily, ſays they; here is yours. I wonder, ſays I, what a-clock it is; I am engaged to wait upon a gentleman at two. Upon this one of them pulled

pulled out his watch, Oh! it wants half an hour of two yet. I'm glad of it, ſays I. Will you be ſo good, ſaid I, as to keep this pot of ale for me till I go to the corner to ſpeak to my partner? and I'll be back in ten minutes. To this they agreed. So I went and brought Paddy Grogan, and told him what it was to do. Now, gentlemen, ſaid I, you will both go along with us; you are pretty fellows to go and rob a young gentleman in open day, and think to eſcape —but you ſhall go along with us to Alderman Ketchup, and he will know beſt what to do with you. All their laughing was now ſpoiled, and they looked as lank as ſhotten herrings; they fell down on their knees, and offered us five guineas to let them eſcape; but we told them it was affronting our honour to offer us a bribe: ſo we carried them away to the Alderman's, but it was eight o'clock at night before we could ſee his worſhip, all which time we were kept faſting. At laſt his worſhip called us in—At firſt he began with aſking

us a great many queſtions that did not ſeem to be any thing to the purpoſe, and then he conſulted his clerk about law; and then he examined us again, and croſs-examined us, till I thought he believed that we were the thieves, and not the boys. So I told his worſhip, to cut the matter ſhort, that I could ſwear to the robbery, and that your Honour was a great gentleman, and lived at Lord Ravenſdale's, and that he had better not let the boys eſcape, for the money and the watch was upon them. At the mention of Lord Ravenſdale his tone changed; he ordered the boys to be ſearched, and ſure enough the watch and ten guineas were found; ſo he committed them to the watch-houſe till further examination. I called here laſt night, but your Honour was not at home; ſo I came again this morning to acquaint you."—"My good friend," ſaid Evans, "I am very much obliged to you, and I will thankfully reward you for your trouble." "We will go together to the alderman's," ſaid Captain Rivers,

Rivers, " by and by; and in the mean time, Mr. O'Shaghneſſy, if you will go down to the butler, I will order you ſomething to refreſh you." " I humbly thank your Honour !" ſaid the chairman, and retired.

" What is this, my dear Evans !" ſaid the Captain; " not two hours in town, and to be robbed at noon-day ? I never heard the like." Ned then related the whole as the reader has ſeen; which ſerved as a matter of laughter to them both. They now went out together to the alderman's, where the affair was ſoon adjuſted: Ned got his watch and his money again; and the two boys, who were apprentices to a butcher in Caſtle Market, were, at the interceſſion of him and Captain Rivers, delivered to their maſter again, after having undergone ſome private correction.

As the Captain had ſome buſineſs of his own to do in the town, Ned begged he would go about it; and ſaid that he would go to Stephen's Green, where he would walk in the mean time, and where he would

be ſure to find him. The two friends then ſeparated; the Captain to go on his errand, and Ned to keep his promiſe with that poor creature whoſe heart he had relieved the day before, and to his buſineſs with whom he did not wiſh to have any witneſs. He had not been long in the walk till he ſaw her in the ſame miſery as before, and ſoliciting charity with as little ſucceſs. Her eyes brightened when ſhe beheld him, and a feeble ſmile ſoftened for a moment the horrors of her famiſhed countenance. He drew her a little to one ſide, out of the immediate notice of the paſſengers. "I am come," ſaid he, "to keep my word with you, and to give you ſome little relief; tell me then how I can beſt be of ſervice to you. Have you any friend in this town?"—"O no, Sir!" ſaid ſhe; "no, not one." "What then brought you to it?" ſaid he. "I ſhall tell you, Sir. I was born, Sir, in the county Cork, where my father was a day-labourer, and when I was twenty years of age I was married to a

man

man who was alſo of the ſame buſineſs—by him, Sir, I had four children. He died ſix years ago come All-Saints. I had three ſons, Sir, grown up to be men; two of them went to ſea, but whether they be alive or dead I cannot tell, for I have not heard of them for many years. My youngeſt ſon, Sir, was groom to Doctor Porpoiſe, whom you ſaw yeſterday; and while he lived I never wanted for any thing, for he was a loving boy, and, after his ſiſter died, kept me here in a little room, and helped to maintain me out of his little wages. But, Sir, laſt year, as the doctor and his family were coming up to town, and my ſon (as was his duty) attending them on horſeback, the roads were very bad, and the coach got into a deep rut; it would certainly have been overturned, Sir, had not my ſon, who was a ſtrong and active young man, jumped off his horſe, and ſupported its whole weight. He ſaved it from falling till the other ſervants came up, and got it out of the rut; but he ſtrained ſomething inwardly,

for he fell ſick immediately, and, after languiſhing four months, died in the hoſpital, where Doctor Porpoiſe recommended him. Ever ſince that time, Sir, I have been in want. I was obliged to pawn my little clothes for ſupport; I could no longer pay the rent of my room; and when I had nothing left to pawn, I ſhould have periſhed for want, but for the kindneſs of Doctor Porpoiſe's ſervants, who all of them loved my ſon, and for his ſake gave me every day through the rails the ſcraps of broken meat from their table; and ſometimes, when the weather is very cold, the coachman lets me lie in the ſtable, where the warmth of the cattle comforts me." "Did you ever repreſent your caſe to the doctor, and does he know you are the mother of his groom?" "O yes, Sir!—he paid me what was due of his wages, which was but a very little; but he never would do any thing more." "O merciful Saviour of the world!" ſaid Ned, "is this man a teacher of thy religion, and does he preſume to call himſelf by

by thy name? Have you any friend living in the county Cork?" "Yes, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "I have a brother, who, though a poor man, would, I believe, help me if I could get to him; but alas! Sir, it is ſo far off, I never could be able to walk it; and all that I can make by begging will not redeem my little clothes, and carry me there." "How much will redeem your clothes?" ſaid he. "Ten ſhillings, Sir," ſaid ſhe. "And how much would carry you to Cork?" "About five more, I believe." "Here," ſaid he, "are two guineas. Go to your brother, and be happy." The poor aſtoniſhed creature would have thrown herſelf upon her knees; but he left her inſtantly, to ſpare her emotions, and to hide his own.

CHAP. XXV.

HE walked for above an hour in the Green before his friend arrived. Captain Rivers then propoſed to him to go beſpeak his regimentals, and afterwards to take a view of the college. When they came to the end of Grafton-ſtreet, he was ſtruck with admiration at the magnificent colonnade which forms the front of the parliament-houſe, and which ſurpaſſes every thing of its kind in being. Yet he thought there was ſome awkwardneſs about the roof, and that if a baluſtrade, with ſtatues, had been added to it, it would have conſiderably increaſed its beauty. He was charmed with the noble front of the univerſity, which is built in the fineſt taſte, and every way ſuited to the dignity of that diſtinguiſhed ſeat of learning. He could not help regretting, however, the want of a third building oppoſite the parliament-houſe,

houſe, which would have completed three ſides, and which, if ever ſuch a thing ſhall be erected, will make College-green ſurpaſſingly beautiful. Neither could he conceal his indignation at the vile watch-houſe ſhouldering king William's ſtatue, and which he was aſtoniſhed the inhabitants would ſuffer to exiſt an hour. Nor did he much admire the ſtatue itſelf, which he thought unworthy of the great hero it repreſented—and the horſe in particular ſuch a clumſy brute, that he would have diſgraced a brewer's dray.

When he entered the college he was diſappointed. The buildings within did not anſwer the expectation he had formed from thoſe without. But it muſt be remembered they are not yet finiſhed; and that their effect is hurt by many old buildings being among them, which are intended to be taken down. The old hall and the chapel he condemned, as altogether unworthy of their ſituation; but the new hall he thought a noble room, as he did alſo

the

the new building oppoſite, which was then erecting; but he execrated the paltry taſte of its internal ornaments, which he pronounced were only proper for a ſtucco-ſhop. From hence they went to the library, the vaſt extent of which firſt ſtruck his imagination: but when he had leiſure to contemplate its juſt proportion, its excellent contrivance, and the exquiſite beauty of its architecture, he was loſt in admiration. How did he then lament the ſordid parſimony of thoſe who built it—who, to ſave a few pounds, made uſe of ſtone which had nothing to recommend it but its being got upon their own eſtate, and which, now yielding to the weather, is every where mouldering away; ſo that in a few years hence its incomparable beauty will be no more! From the library they went to the park, a pleaſant and extenſive field, ornamented with walks and ſhaded with full-grown trees, for the recreation of the ſtudents: the elegant little building called the printing-houſe there ſtruck his eye; but

the preſs not being at work, he could not get in. The anatomy-houſe, which is oppoſite, diſguſted by its meanneſs; and not having much deſire to examine its contents, though ſome of them are very valuable and curious in their kind, he paſſed it by unnoticed. They continued their walk to the end of the park; when Captain Rivers having a key to the door which opens into Park-ſtreet, they paſſed through it, and in a few minutes afterwards found themſelves at home.

When they enquired about Lord Rivers, they were informed he was gone to the houſe, but that he intended being home to dinner. They now went to dreſs, it being between three and four o'clock; and when this important buſineſs was ended, Ned went down to the drawing-room, to contemplate in ſecret the charming picture with which he had been ſo much captivated the day before. He had been feaſting his eyes for ſome time, when he was joined by Captain Rivers; and ſoon after his

his lordſhip arrived, bringing with him a friend, a member of parliament, whom Ned had never ſeen before. The firſt view he had of this gentleman ſtruck him with veneration: his perſon was of the largeſt of what is called middle ſize, but adorned by a juſt proportion, and a manly grace, which made it perfectly genteel: his countenance was pleaſing, though it could not be called handſome; for his complexion was rather of the darkeſt; but an ineffable benignity beamed from his eyes, which ſtrongly expreſſed the ſentiments of his ſoul. His mind, which from his earlieſt youth had been cultivated with the higheſt care, was a rich treaſury of every thing which could exalt or adorn a man—the Muſes were all his own—his poems, particularly thoſe of the tender kind, which were written when he was but a youth, were among the beſt, if not abſolutely the beſt, that ever were compoſed in any language. His judgment in painting was profound; and his execution in that elegant

art

art (taught him only by nature) was almoſt equal to his judgment. He did not ſing, though his voice was melodious; but when he ſpoke, the power of his eloquence was irreſiſtible:—it did not overbear you like a torrent; but it fell like the dews of heaven; it penetrated to the heart, where it at once convinced the underſtanding, and captivated the ſoul.—But, great as were the powers of his mind, the virtues of his heart were ſtill greater. His devotion was warm, without being ſuperſtitious—his morals pure, without being auſtere—his benevolence was bounded only by the creation—and he fell ſhort of being perfect only by being human.

Such was the man to whom Ned was now introduced. To deſcribe the evening which he paſſed in his ſociety, exceeds all the powers of my pen. The impreſſion which it made on his mind will never be worn out, while memory holds her ſeat: happy that he once ſaw him; unhappy only in this, that he never ſaw him again; for, alas! how ſhall I relate it? this exalted

alted character is no more. Soon after this, whilſt yet in the prime of life, he roſe to the dignity of a chief judge: but in the very moment of his exaltation he received a wound, which, to a heart like his, was incurable. The partner of his ſoul was taken from him; and with her periſhed all his joys. From this moment he declined: not in the powers of his mind, for thoſe were tranſcendant to the laſt; and all his conduct as a judge was equal to what the world expected:—but the pillars of his conſtitution were ſhaken, and could not long ſuſtain the weight of that affliction with which he was ſecretly conſumed.

Whilſt engaged in the diſcharge of his duty, adminiſtering juſtice in a remote part of the kingdom, he ſickened, and in a few days expired. The effuſion of heart-felt ſorrow which was poured upon his tomb exceeded what was ever ſhed for man before. His body is in the grave embalmed by the tears of his country! His memory and his fame will live for ever!

Oh

Oh ſpirit of the immortal Burgh! who art not loſt, but only tranſlated to thy native heaven; look down from thy empyræan manſion and behold thy weeping country—be ſtill its guardian angel—drop to us thy mantle of impregnable integrity, and impart with it ſome portion of thy tranſcendant worth!

CHAP. XXVI.

THE converſation of men of acknowledged virtue uſually leaves an impreſſion on every ingenuous mind, that does not ſpeedily wear out; nor would it be poſſible for the moſt profligate character, while he retained any ſenſe or judgment at all, to be often in the company of ſuch without improving his morals, and in the end perhaps becoming a proſelyte to that virtue which wants only to be known, to be adored.—Lord Rivers was far from being abandoned, though

though deeply immerſed in faſhionable diſſipation: his honour was unimpeached; and though his ſentiments on religion were not clear, or determined, yet he never went into the monſtrous impiety of blaſpheming the object of it, nor, where he had any controul, permitted it to be ridiculed in his preſence: his morals too, though not ſtrictly evangelical, were however ſuch as did not diſgrace him in the eye of the public; nor would the moſt orthodox biſhop have refuſed him for a ſon-in-law, had he done his daughter the honour to addreſs her. The ſentiments of the exalted character with whom he ſpent the laſt evening ſunk deep into his heart, and had already elevated his mind ſo far that he could not immediately reliſh the ſociety at his club, and he actually entertained thoughts of withdrawing from it altogether. His conſtitution too began to feel the good effects of his abſtaining from it; for, as he now kept more regular hours, his ſpirits and his appetite returned. Inſtead of going to bed at four or five in the morning,

ing, he now propoſed to riſe at that hour, and to take Ned with him in his phaeton, and make a little tour through thoſe beautiful parts of the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, which lie in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Captain Rivers was to accompany them on horſeback. They ſet out for the Dargle at about five o'clock in the morning, and Lord Rivers had the pleaſure to ſee the ſun riſe for the firſt time ſince he was a ſchool-boy. The novelty of this object had a wonderful effect upon his ſpirits, though the Captain and Ned, to whom it was more familiar, felt nothing extraordinary, except the whetting of their appetite by the keenneſs of the morning air, in which ſenſation his lordſhip alſo partook, and experienced for the firſt time in his recollection how excellent a ſauce is hunger. They arrived at a little village about eight, for they went purpoſely a circuitous road; and here his lordſhip found ſuch tea, butter and bread, as he was aſtoniſhed the metropolis could not afford; but

but which was indeed indebted for its ſuperior excellence entirely to his ride.—From hence they got to the Dargle about ten: the ſeaſon was not yet ſufficiently advanced to ſhew this charming dell in its full beauty; though perhaps what it wanted in the richneſs and variety of its foliage was more than made amends for by the redundance of its water. For the brook which murmurs through it in the ſummer, was now a torrent, tumbling over the rocks with irreſiſtible rage, and roaring among the caverns, from whence it ſent up a foamy miſt, which marked its courſe, and gave a hoary majeſty to the awful precipices that frowned above it. Though Ned was accuſtomed to the grandeſt views of nature in his own country, yet he could not help being ſtruck with the noble ſcenery of the Dargle, which, adorned by the elegant taſte of its proprietor, unites the beautiful to the ſublime.

They paſſed a couple of hours here with the higheſt ſatisfaction, and then proceeded

through the ſweet village of Tinnehinch to Powerſcourt. Here a new ſcene preſented itſelf:—the river, which was ſwollen by the late rains, tumbled from its lofty bed down a perpendicular rock 300 feet high, and exhibited to the eye a torrent whiter than ſnow, and crumbled as it were into powder by the reſiſtance of the air, from the great height from which it fell—it precipitated itſelf with ſuch force from the precipice, that a herd of deer, which were juſt then rouſed from the neighbouring foreſts, paſſed ſafe between the torrent and the rock from which it fell. Had Louis the XIVth beheld this ſcene, he would have been aſhamed of thoſe ridiculous waterworks which coſt him ſuch enormous ſums to raiſe at Verſailles, and which none but children and French courtiers can admire; he would have deſpiſed the tawdry ornaments of his gardens, and gladly exchanged his palace for this park.

After a charming ride of four hours, during which they were entertained with a variety

variety of noble objects, they returned to Tinnehinch to dinner, where they regaled themſelves on mountain mutton not inferior to that of Wales. In the evening they ſet forward for the town. They intended to paſs through the Glen of the Downs, but they had ſat too long after dinner, for the night came on before they could reach it. And now Fortune contrived one of thoſe malicious accidents, with which ſhe often concludes parties of pleaſure. The phaeton in which Lord Rivers and Ned rode, was one of thoſe elevated machines which had been lately introduced into the kingdom by the celebrated Lord Jehu, whoſe higheſt ambition was to be thought the beſt coachman in Dublin, and his ſole employment driving up one ſtreet and down another, looking into the middle ſtories of the houſes as he paſſed, and terrifying the peaceable walkers, ſome of them got cricks in their necks with gazing at him. Lord Rivers was not without ſome ambition of this kind alſo, though he did not carry it to ſo extra-

vagant

vagant and ridiculous a length as Lord Jehu, but he prided himſelf on his ſkill in driving; which, whether it was not ſo great as he imagined, or whether the darkneſs of the night prevented his ſeeing any impediment that he might have avoided, or from whatever other cauſe it happened, I know not, but, as he was going on in a full trot, one of the wheels gave way, and the phaeton of courſe was overturned. If fortune was cruel in contriving this accident, it muſt be owned ſhe was kind in cauſing it to happen in the very ſpot it did; for a poor labouring man, whoſe cottage was hard by, and whoſe cabbage-garden bordered on the road, had that morning carried out all the dung that was to manure it, and laid it on the ſide of the road till it was to be uſed.

Dunghills on the ſides of roads are held to be nuiſances in almoſt all countries, and even in Ireland are indictable by law; nor was any body more ſevere againſt them than Lord Rivers himſelf: but on this occaſion he found that there is ſcarce any

evil but may be productive of ſome good; for to the hoſpitable reception which this dunghill gave him, into the midſt of which they were pitched, it is more than probable that both his lordſhip and Ned owed the ſafety of their limbs, if not of their lives. As the dung was freſh from the cow-houſe, and they had fallen with their heads foremoſt, they were a good deal diſarranged as to their appearance; but having recovered from their firſt aſtoniſhment, they had the happineſs to find nothing injured about them but their clothes. The poor man to whom the cottage belonged now came to their aſſiſtance, and they were glad to accept the accommodation even of his humble roof. Captain Rivers enjoyed this ſcene as ſoon as he found they were not really hurt, and was extremely officious in helping them to undreſs, and in procuring tubs of water to pour over them: he told them freſh cow-dung was one of the greateſt coſmetics in nature, and would not fail to improve their complexions, as much as it

did

did the whiteneſs of linen when bucked with it.

At length, after much ſcrubbing and ſcouring, they were reſtored to ſome tolerable decency of appearance, and now it became a queſtion what they were to do.—To go forward to Dublin was impoſſible, the night being now quite dark, and the phaeton entirely diſabled of one of its wheels. There was no ſmith to be got, nor a public-houſe nearer than the village of Tinnehinch, which they had left, and from which they were diſtant near ſeven miles: but their poor cottager informed them there was one Mr. Grainger in the neighbourhood, who rented a little farm, and was very good to all the poor people near him; but he lived entirely alone, excepting his daughter and one ſervant, and never viſited any company. As neceſſity has no law, they determined to make trial of his hoſpitality, and to leave the ſervants and horſes together with the broken phaeton where they were, until they ſhould know

whether they could be received or not at Mr. Grainger's; and in caſe they could not, they determined to ride the horſes bare-backed to Tinnehinch, and leave the carriage in the road till the morning.

They now ſet forward to Mr. Grainger's, under the conduct of the poor man who had informed them of him: it was not above a quarter of a mile to the houſe, but the way was ſo intricate through the mazes of a thick wood, in which it was emboſomed, that they thought, if it even had been day, they never could have found it out without the help of a guide. At laſt the barking of a dog, and the glimmering of a light through the trees, informed them they approached it. A little Chineſe paling ſtopped their way, and the fragrance of ſome wall-flowers, and other early bloſſoms which were exhaling their odours to the nightly dew, refreſhed their ſenſes, and gave them no unjuſt opinion of the neatneſs and benevolence of the perſon they were going to viſit. They knocked gently at the

the door, which was opened by Mr. Grainger himſelf, who, hearing their diſtreſs, aſſured them they ſhould be moſt heartily welcome to whatever his houſe could afford; which however, he ſaid, he was obliged to confeſs, was little more than ſhelter from the night air, and plainer fare than he believed from their appearance they were accuſtomed to. He ordered the cottager too to bring the horſes and ſervants to the houſe, but the phaeton was obliged to be left where it was till the morning.

Mr. Grainger now conducted his gueſts into a little parlour, which was a miniature model of perfect elegance. The walls were papered with a pale blue paper, divided into twelve compartments; on which were painted as many oval landſcapes, repreſenting the twelve months of the year, each ſurrounded with a wreath of fruits and flowers, exquiſitely coloured from nature, and adapted to the month to which it belonged; the whole ſeemed ſuſpended from the cieling by a running feſtoon. The

perfect cleanlineſs of the room, and the cheerful blaze of a wood fire, which had been newly heaped on, gave an air of comfort to the whole that was not to be ſurpaſſed:—but the brighteſt ornament of this elegant little apartment was the artiſt who contrived and executed it, and who was no other than Mr. Grainger's daughter. She roſe up from a ſettee, whereon ſhe was ſitting, when the gentlemen entered; and diſplayed the moſt elegant figure, added to the moſt beautiful countenance, rendered ſtill more charming by an air of deep misfortune that was diffuſed over it. She was dreſſed in white cambrick trimmed with black gauze; and at her feet was a little boy with the countenance of a cherubim, about three years old. All the gentlemen were ſtruck with nearly the ſame feelings when they beheld her:—they ſaw ſhe was unhappy, and that alone was ſufficient to make her venerable in their eyes; but then her grief was impreſſed upon ſuch lovely features, as intereſted them deeply in her ſorrows,

rows, and filled them at once with tenderneſs and reſpect. As Mr. Grainger however did not introduce her to them, they only bowed to her as they entered, and paſſed to their places by the fire-ſide. They were not long ſeated when the little boy ran to Ned, and, looking up to his face with a ſmile that might become an angel, aſked him to take him on his knee.—Mr. Grainger would have prevented him from being troubleſome; but Ned, whoſe heart was ever open to tender ſenſations, begged he might be permitted to keep him; and, taking the child in his arms, he preſſed him to his boſom and kiſſed him, which the infant as eagerly returned, claſping his little arms about his neck. The irreſiſtible attraction of artleſs innocence would have won a far leſs affectionate heart than Edward's; but in his they ſunk ſo deep as made an impreſſion hardly ever to be eraſed, and filled him with a paſſion for the child which could only be exceeded by that of a parent. Mr. Grainger now aſked the

gentlemen if they could like a diſh of tea; "For I frankly confeſs to you," ſaid he, "I never drink wine, and there is not a drop in the houſe." They all declared that it would be no diſappointment to them, and they ſhould prefer tea though the wine were in their option. "Then, Nancy, my dear," ſaid he to his daughter, "you will be ſo good as to get us ſome." "Yes, ſurely, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "immediately." She then roſe to go about it; when turning to the child, "Come, Charles," ſaid ſhe, "my dear, will you come along with me, and do not trouble the gentleman any longer?" "No, mamma," replied the child, "if you will let me ſtay on this gentleman's knee, I will promiſe not to be troubleſome." Ned now joined in the requeſt, which ſhe immediately complied with, and retired. A ſilence of a few minutes now enſued—when Lord Rivers fixing his eye on Mr. Grainger, "I am ſure," ſaid he, "Mr. Grainger, I have had the happineſs of knowing you before—though it is ſo many

years

years ſince, that I muſt be grown out of your recollection." "I proteſt, ſir," ſaid Mr. Grainger, "it is very poſſible; but I do not recollect ever having had that honour." "I remember," ſaid his lordſhip, "fourteen years ago, when I was a little boy, to have had the pleaſure of ſeeing you at Mr. Donellan's, when you and I were the only two, except the huntſman, that were in at the death of a hare." "Bleſs me!" ſaid Mr. Grainger, "are you Lord Rivers, eldeſt ſon to the earl of Ravenſdale?"— "Yes, indeed," ſaid his lordſhip; "I am the very man, and this is my brother, (introducing the captain); and this is Mr. Evans, a gentleman from Wales, whom I love and reſpect as a brother, though I have but very lately had the pleaſure of his acquaintance." "Then I aſſure your lordſhip," ſaid Mr. Grainger, "there are no three gentlemen in the kingdom, that I ſhould be happier to ſee in this houſe; for I love and honour your father, and have many perſonal and great obligations to

him." "But what in the world," ſaid Lord Rivers, "has brought you to this ſequeſtered ſpot? and why do you bury yourſelf in this ſolitude, and ſuffer your lovely daughter to conſume her days in a hermitage?"

"*Infandum jubes renovare dolorem*," ſaid Mr. Grainger; "but I will tell you all."—The tea-things now coming in, put an end to the diſcourſe, and here we will alſo put an end to the chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

THOUGH the converſation at tea-tables has ſeldom any thing to recommend it, and is even too often liable to the juſt cenſure of being uncharitable as well as ſtupid, yet we can aſſure the reader this tea-table was an exception, and that nothing paſſed at it inconſiſtent with the pureſt ſentiments of religion, and the moſt conſummate elegance of manners. When the things were removed the lady retired, and gave Mr. Grainger an opportunity of gratifying Lord Rivers's curioſity in the following words:

"The deep misfortune of my life, of which your lordſhip ſeems ignorant, though the world has long ſince been in poſſeſſion of it, and which has compelled me to bury myſelf in theſe ſhades, was in its own nature ſo afflicting, and embittered by ſo many fatal conſequences, that if my life had not

been neceſſary for the protection of that dear and innocent victim who has juſt now left the room, I doubt whether philoſophy, or even religion itſelf, would have been able to reſtrain my hands from doing violence to myſelf. At the time your lordſhip remembers to have ſeen me at Mr. Donellan's, there was not in the kingdom a man more diſengaged from ſorrow, nor more contented with his ſituation, than myſelf. Eaſy in my circumſtances, bleſt in the affection of the beſt of wives, happy in the proſpect of the growing virtues of my children, beloved by my neighbours, at peace with all the world, and with myſelf; my hours ſeemed winged with down, and imagination could hardly ſuggeſt a wiſh, the accompliſhment of which could really increaſe my happineſs. But in the midſt of life we are in death; and it is not given to mortals to drink the cup of joy unmixed. The bitter ingredients with which mine was daſhed, derived additional acrimony from my not being accuſtomed to them. My little eſtate, which

had

had deſcended to me from many anceſtors, was about 300l. of yearly value: it was ſeated in one of the loveliеſt ſpots that nature in theſe climates can produce; and as we had always farmed it ourſelves, it had received from art thoſe gentle aſſiſtances which ſerve to embelliſh nature without diſguiſing her, and was univerſally allowed to be a model of rural neatneſs and ſimplicity. In this happy abode of peace and tranquillity I lived ſupremely bleſt, with my wife, my daughter, and my ſon; and oh! might ſtill have lived, if a viper whom I had taken into my boſom had not ſtung me to death." "Who could the wretch be?" interrupted Lord Rivers. "Your lordſhip knows him too well," replied Mr. Grainger; "or rather you do not know him, or I am perſuaded you would not acknowledge his acquaintance.—It was young Nettlefield, of Nettlepark, near your lordſhip's eſtate." "What! Jack Nettlefield?" ſaid his lordſhip—"You ſurpriſe me!—I thought him an honeſt fellow as any in the kingdom,

kingdom, and very much of a gentleman." "He has indeed ſome of the qualities," ſaid Mr. Grainger, "which form part of the compoſition of a modern fine gentleman, but which, however they may be thought of in the world, are in reality the diſgrace of human nature, and more pernicious to ſociety by a thouſand degrees than many of thoſe crimes for which we daily hang the wretches who perpetrate them. The petty thief, who ſteals my ſheep, is condemned to the gallows;—but the villain who has bereaved me of my wife—who has robbed my daughter of her honour, and my ſon of his life—who has torn from me all that I held dear in nature, and repaid my kindneſs with this baſe ingratitude—ſtill lives careſſed by the world, and even honoured with a commiſſion from his ſovereign." "Good God! you amaze me!" ſaid Lord Rivers; "I never heard of this before." "Your lordſhip was on your travels," ſaid Mr. Grainger, "when it happened; and I am not of conſequence enough.

enough to be the ſubject of converſation beyond the circle of my own friends. It is now five years ſince Mr. Nettlefield, who had juſt then got his firſt commiſſion, came down with a party of his regiment, and was quartered in a country town in my neighbourhood. I always made a point of ſhewing every civility in my power to the gentlemen of the army, and never had occaſion to repent of my hoſpitality to any ſtranger but himſelf. I aſked him to my houſe, and he was often there, both alone and alſo with the other gentlemen of his corps. For a long time I conſidered him as a very agreeable and amiable young man; till a nearer acquaintance, brought on by an act of kindneſs of my own, developed his whole character, and plunged me into irremediable grief, which can ceaſe only in the grave.

" He had been dining one day with me, along with ſome other gentlemen in the neighbourhood; when returning to his quarters in the evening, he was arreſted within

within a quarter of a mile of my houſe, for a debt of 30l. at the ſuit of a taylor in Dublin. I very ſoon heard of it; for they carried him to a little ale-houſe hard by, by way of ſpunging-houſe; and from thence word was immediately brought to me. I was ſorry ſuch an affront ſhould be offered to him ſo near my own doors, and from which he had ſo lately parted, and I waited on him directly; when I found means to reſcue him from the harpies of the law, by paying part of the debt, and joining with him as a ſecurity for the remainder: and this diſagreeable buſineſs being over, I carried him back to my houſe, and invited him to ſtay there till he wrote to his father, and got ſome remittances from him to pay his debts and ſet him on his legs again.

"In the mean time my ſon came from the college, to paſs the long vacation: he had been there three years, where I intended to educate him for the church; and was then in his twentieth year—not above a year younger

younger than Nettlefield himſelf. The two young men were delighted with each other; and as Nettlefield had all the manners of a man of faſhion, and many of their accompliſhments too, I was unhappily pleaſed with the connection, thinking it would poliſh that ruſticity in my ſon which a country education had cauſed; and which could hardly be corrected in the learned retirement of the univerſity.

"About three weeks elapſed before Mr. Nettlefield heard from his father. During all this time he behaved with ſuch delicate attention to my wife and daughter, ſuch manly freedom to myſelf, ſuch openneſs and attachment to my ſon, that he eſtabliſhed himſelf in the good graces of all the family. He repaid me the money I had advanced for him, and received in return a cordial and general invitation to my houſe. As your lordſhip is acquainted with him, you need not be told that he is handſome in his perſon, and that among his accompliſhments may be reckoned a perfect knowledge in muſic,

muſic, and a very correct taſte for drawing. My poor girl, whom you have ſeen here this evening, was enthuſiaſtically fond of both theſe amuſements, and never ſeemed ſo happy as when Mr. Nettlefield came to the houſe, that ſhe might benefit by his critical knowledge and indiſputable excellence in both of them; nor did he loſe ſo good an opportunity of recommending himſelf to the favour of a beautiful girl. He ſpent hours with her, but always in the company of her mother, forming her taſte, correcting her drawings, praiſing her talents, and paying her on every occaſion the moſt aſſiduous attention and reſpect. As my wife was conſtantly preſent whenever they were together, I had not the ſmalleſt apprehenſion on that account; and if Mr. Nettlefield felt an honourable paſſion for my daughter, I hardly knew a young man I ſhould have more willingly beſtowed her on; as I had the beſt opinion both of his head and heart, and knew that his fortune, on his father's death, would be equal to any thing that I could

could give with my daughter. I perceived therefore their mutual attachment without uneaſineſs; and it helped to endear the young man to me ſtill more. My wife too had conceived for him the warmeſt affection; and ſo ſucceſsfully had he paid his court to her, that I believe ſhe would rather have given him her daughter, than to any peer in the three kingdoms.

"At length Mr. Nettlefield broke the affair to me; when I told him, that if his father and mother gave their conſent, and would give him a ſuitable preſent maintenance, I ſhould have no objection; but unleſs that was the caſe, it would be highly imprudent in both parties, and what I could never agree to. He acquieſced in all this, and was from that time received as an intended ſon-in-law. To this time I believe he was ſincere; and had his father agreed to the match, perhaps all had been well:—but the old gentleman would not advance a ſhilling beyond his pay, and moreover bade him aſpire to larger fortunes and nobler con-

connections. When he diſcloſed this to me, he ſeemed overwhelmed with affliction; but urged me to conſent to his union notwithſtanding; declaring his paſſion to be unalterable, that his love would beget prudence, that he had enough to ſatisfy preſent wants, and that his father could not prevent his ſucceeding to his fortune whenever Heaven ſhould be ſo indulgent as to take him away. I ſharply reprimanded him for this laſt ſpeech—ſo undutiful in a ſon—and ſo devoid, as I thought, of every feeling of natural affection; and I aſſured him, that as I never could approve of ſtealing a man's child myſelf, ſo I never would be acceſſary to it in another, nor ſuffer my daughter to intrude into any family without the conſent and unequivocal deſire of the heads of it.

"He ſubmitted in appearance to my determination; but deſired to be ſtill received as my friend, if I would not permit him to continue as a lover. To this I very imprudently conſented; though, as he had never

never done any thing to offend me, but on the contrary had paid us all the utmoſt attention, I hardly think yet that I could with propriety have refuſed him.

" As a friend therefore he continued to viſit us; but, oh! how he abuſed this ſacred name you ſhall hear. His attachment, or rather his pretended attachment, to my daughter ſtill continued; but he had art enough to put on a diſtance of behaviour before me, to make me ſuppoſe he had dropped all thoughts of her, at leaſt for the preſent; and the more effectually to blind me, his viſits became leſs frequent. But though his open attentions were leſs, his ſecret aſſiduities were doubled; and having completely gained the affections of my daughter, he had the addreſs to gain her mother alſo to his party; and ſhe, ſwayed by the entreaties of her poor child, to whom ſhe could refuſe nothing, relying upon his honour, and knowing that I myſelf had a good opinion of him, moſt imprudently, and moſt unhappily, conſented to

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a private marriage between them; which ſhe ſanctioned by her preſence, and which was celebrated by a Popiſh prieſt ſince gone abroad. To cut ſhort this unhappy ſtory, which I never think of but it harrows up my ſoul, and to ſpare your lordſhip the fatigue of liſtening to ſo melancholy a detail, you muſt ſuppoſe every thing unfortunate to follow. In a few months he went home to his father's, leaving my daughter pregnant of the little boy you ſaw here this evening. He had there the baſeneſs to deny his marriage; which being ſolemnized by a Popiſh prieſt, is not, I believe, ſtrictly legal by the laws of this country. My ſon, who could not brook the indignity offered to his ſiſter, flew to revenge the inſult, and challenged him to the field. Even in the baſe ſoul of Nettlefield courage is not wanting: he accepted the challenge, and ſkill prevailed over juſtice; for my generous and gallant boy, the pride of my life, and whom I hoped to be the ſtaff of my age, fell by the firſt fire.

My

My daughter went diſtracted. Such complicated miſeries were too much for a parent's heart to bear. My poor wife ſunk under them; ſhe blamed herſelf for all her misfortunes, called herſelf the murdereſs of her ſon; and giving up entirely to an unavailing but too juſt a ſorrow, it brought on a paralytic ſtroke, which finally relieved her from all afflictions. At the time of my wife's death, my daughter was in the delirium of a raging fever, into which ſhe fell upon hearing her poor brother's fate—and it was four months before ſhe recovered the uſe of her reaſon. She was then delivered of a ſon, who, ſtrange to tell, was then as fine an infant, and continues to be ſo, as is any where to be ſeen. The maternal feelings, which Nature for the wiſeſt purpoſes has planted in every female heart, ſoftened the afflictions of my unhappy daughter, by dividing her cares; and when I beheld the little innocent in her arms, the nerves of my heart vibrated, and I could not help pitying the child of miſery, though it was

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Nettlefield's. Though it was his, it was yet my daughter's alſo; and, all unconſcious of its father's crimes, was itſelf doomed to ſuffer by his villanies. I took it therefore to my boſom; and, as far as his tender age will allow, he repays my kindneſs with gratitude and affection. As ſoon as my daughter recovered, I reſolved to quit for ever a place which had been the ſcene of ſo many afflictions, and which, ſince the death of my ſon, had loſt the attractions it formerly had for me; neither could I bear the coldneſs and neglect with which I perceived ſome of the ladies who had formerly been our friends, began to treat my poor girl." —"Good God!" interrupted Lord Rivers, "was any body cruel enough to neglect your daughter?" "Yes, indeed," ſaid Mr. Grainger, "many—the delicacy of the female character ſhrinks before the ſmalleſt breath of ſcandal, however undeſerved." "True," ſaid Lord Rivers; "but where the heart has never erred, and where an innocent girl fell a prey to the art of a baſe

villain, and neither did nor intended any ill, the women of virtue ſhould have leagued in her defence; and, inſtead of affecting to ſhun her, they ſhould have puniſhed, with the moſt marked contempt, the wretch who took advantage of her inexperience, and not have broken the already bruiſed reed."—"The world, my Lord," replied Mr. Grainger, "are in general ſo ſelfiſh, that they commonly rejoice in the calamities of others; becauſe of the favourable compariſon it gives them an opportunity of making of themſelves in their own exemption. The compaſſion therefore of moſt people is more mortifying, and even more malignant, than their hatred; and ſuch indeed my poor daughter and I found it."—"I am ſorry for it," replied Lord Rivers; "ſorry for your ſake, and ſorry there ſhould be ſo much depravity in the human heart: but I can ſay this much, Mr. Grainger, that I am ſo ſenſible of the worth and innocence of your daughter, and ſo enraged at the baſe indignity that has been

offered her, that I can aſſure you of the protection of all my family; and that I am certain Lady Cecilia, my ſiſter, will joyfully contribute her endeavours to ſooth the ſorrows and avenge the cauſe of injured innocence."—"I know the goodneſs of all your family," replied Mr. Grainger; "and I am overwhelmed with gratitude for your Lordſhip's generous and noble friendſhip. The world is loud in the praiſes of Lady Cecilia, and I am ſenſible that whoſoever ſhe honours with her countenance will be every where reſpected. But I fear it is too late. My poor girl's heart is broke. I know this world has no longer any allurements for her—her affections are now placed where they will never be again diſappointed; and haſtening, as ſhe thinks, and as I do myſelf believe, to the manſions of eternity, I cannot wiſh to deaden her ſublime ardour, or call back her deſires to objects which ſhe muſt ſoon leave, and from which ſhe is already weaned."—"Pho, pho!" ſaid Lord Rivers; "theſe are the melan-

melancholy ſuggeſtions of your hermitage. Your daughter is an angel, but we will not let her return to her native ſkies till we ſee a little more of her. When we get her from theſe melancholy glooms to the cheerful ſcenes of Ravenſdale, we will make her heart whole again; and I truſt you have both of you many years yet before you of health and happineſs."—"I thank you for your good wiſhes," ſaid Mr. Grainger; "but I can aſſure your Lordſhip they are ineffectual. I ſubmit indeed, as I ought, with all poſſible reſignation to the chaſtening of my Maker; but as for happineſs, it is not in the power of this world to give it me again."—"Well," ſaid Lord Rivers, "I hope otherwiſe; but in the mean time continue your ſtory, for I feel myſelf intereſted in whatever befalls you."—"I have ſcarce any thing to add," replied Mr. Grainger: "I grew miſerable as I told you in the country, and reſolved to retire from all ſcenes which could revive the memory of my misfortunes. I there-

fore ſold my eſtate; and having paid off every debt I owed in the world, I placed the remainder out on government ſecurities. Soon after, in looking for a country retirement, I happened on this little ſpot; which being to be let, I immediately took it on a twenty-one years leaſe; four of which are now elapſed. I have a few acres of ground, which ſupply me with milk and butter; and a ſmall garden, the dreſſing of which is my only buſineſs out of doors. My daughter too feels a complacency in adorning it with ſhrubs and flowers; and whenever the weather permits, we unite our labours, and ſooth our ſorrows together. Muſic and drawing, together with the neceſſary attention to her little boy, employ her hours within, except thoſe ſhe conſecrates to devotion; and theſe are a large portion of her time. Thus, my lord, I have told you my whole ſtory. Few and evil have the days of our years been; but we look forward to the time when all tears ſhall be wiped from our eyes, and we wait for it with

with patience and with hope. In the mean time the moſt pleaſing circumſtance that has ever occurred to me ſince I came to this retreat, is the honour of ſeeing your lordſhip and theſe gentlemen here; and I beg of you to let my ſincerity in this declaration make amends for the indifference of the entertainment I have to give you."

The gentlemen all expreſſed the warmeſt ſenſe of Mr. Grainger's politeneſs and hoſpitality; they were glad of the accident which had made them acquainted; they were ſincerely intereſted in the affecting narrative they had juſt heard; in ſeveral paſſages of which, poor Ned had teſtified the quickneſs of his feelings, by that ſuffuſion of countenance which the lively emotions of pity and reſentment had alternately and viſibly produced. Mr. Grainger had perceived how much he was affected; from which circumſtance, and his great attention to little Charles, he had already conceived a warm prepoſſeſſion in his favour. The reſt of the evening was ſpent in a general

and animated converſation. Mrs. Nettle-field, or Miſs Grainger, whichever the reader pleaſes to call her, did not again make her appearance. She ſent in to them, however, a ſmall but elegant repaſt about ten o'clock; and before twelve they all retired to their repoſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE affecting narrative, however, which Ned had juſt heard; the innocence, the beauty, and the misfortunes of the lovely girl who was the ſubject of it, ſunk deep into his mind, and for a long time baniſhed ſleep from his eyes. "Good heavens!" he cried, "can a merciful Providence preſide over this world, and ſuffer ſuch villany to go unpuniſhed? Shall the virtuous and the meek ſink under the rod of the oppreſſor, and ſhall there be no after-reckoning to ſet theſe errors right?—Impoſſible! Truth is immutable, and virtue muſt at laſt be happy. 'Verily therefore there is a reward for the righteous—doubtleſs there is a God that judgeth the earth.' Had the heart of this young man been diſengaged, the lovely mourner whoſe ſorrows he bewailed had certainly taken poſſeſſion of it: as it was, he gave her all he had to beſtow.

He gave her pity in an unbounded effuſion; but for its ſiſter, love, the purity of his ſoul could know but one object, and from her he never ſwerved. To her then he reſigned his thoughts; and kiſſing the locket, which by night and by day was the inſeparable companion of his boſom, he gave himſelf up to the pleaſing contemplation of the charming Cecilia, and to the ſweet hope that ere long he ſhould actually behold thoſe beauties which were ſcarce ever abſent from his imagination. Sleep, who is in vain invoked by the unhappy, comes unaſked to the cheerful and ſerene. The placid ſoul of Edward was a reſidence ſuited to the tranquil deity; and he took full poſſeſſion of it till the morning ſun, and little Charles tickling him with a ſtraw, diſſolved his power.

Ned ſprung from the couch on which he had been ſleeping (for the houſe did not afford beds for them all), and took his little favourite into the garden. It was neatneſs itſelf, adorned by the elegant taſte

of

of her who preſided over it; and brought to his recollection the little peaceful dwelling where all his days had flown. The heart of Edward was true to duty as well as to love—and, though an officer, he did not diſdain to pray. He retired into an arbour, with the cherub Charles in his hand; and bending his knees to Him before whom every knee ſhould bow, he preſented a ſpectacle worthy the eye of Heaven to behold. He remembered his Creator in the days of his youth; and forgot not in his petitions either his father or his mother, his friend or his miſtreſs—the afflicted mourner for whoſe ſufferings he was grieved, nor the little innocent whom he held in his hand. Smile, ye gay! laugh, ye profligate and profane! ye who know not the ſublime and rapturous enjoyment of devotion! Yet when the evil days come, and the years draw nigh which ſhall have no pleaſure in them; then will you feel the want of that friend who alone can ſooth the infirmities of age, or make ſoft the pil-

low of the bed of death:—then will you deplore the folly that never could diſcern your real intereſt.

Ned now returned to the houſe, and little Charles with him. That ſweet infant had taken an unaccountable attachment to him, which on his part was ſincerely returned; nor was either Mr. Grainger or his daughter unaffected with the tender ſenſibility he ſhewed both for them and the child. It was with pain they ſaw the hour arrive when their amiable viſitors were to part: nor did Ned take his farewell kiſs of little Charles without mingling a manly tear with thoſe infant drops which plentifully bedewed his little cheeks. He took him in his arms, and depoſited him in thoſe of his mother, vowing at the ſame time never to forget either their kindneſs or their misfortunes. The phaeton having been repaired by a blackſmith, Lord Rivers and his company took leave of Mr. Grainger, and, without any further accident, they all arrived ſafe in town.

When

When Ned went up to his room, he ordered David Morgan to be ſent to him; but great was his diſtreſs when he was told that poor fellow lay ſenſeleſs in his bed, unable to move, and very unlikely ever to riſe again. Had David been only a common ſervant, the heart of Edward would have been warmly intereſted in his fate; but he had been the playfellow of his childhood, and often the companion of his ſports ſince they grew to be men. He was his countryman in a ſtrange land; and he had left his home, and his father's houſe, from a generous attachment to ſhare the dangers and follow the fortunes of his young maſter. Theſe were connections that intereſted Ned more nearly in his behalf, and which made him conſider him rather in the light of a friend than of a ſervant. He haſtened therefore to his bedſide, to know the cauſe of his diſtreſs, and to pour every balm into his wounds that they would admit of. When he ſaw him, he found they were indeed wounds, and

that his illneſs was the effect of ill uſage. Aſtoniſhed at this diſcovery, he immediately went to Lord Rivers; and the ſervants being ſummoned, the following ſtory came out:

One of the footmen, who it ſeems liked his pleaſures as well as his betters, took advantage of my lord's abſence, to ſpend an evening with ſome others of his fraternity in company with their girls. They made choice, for this purpoſe, of one of thoſe infamouſly convenient houſes, which, to the diſgrace of all government, are ſuffered to exiſt in every capital in Europe. Poor David was aſked to be of the party; and his paſſions being ſtronger than his diſcretion, he very readily conſented. His friend undertook to provide him with a partner, who was to give him her hand in the dance, and whatever elſe he might require into the bargain. After paſſing ſome hours with the accuſtomed licentiouſneſs of thoſe places, the whole company ſat down to ſupper, where the flow of their ſpirits was greatly exhilarated by copious and ſucceſſive

ceſſive bowls of whiſky punch. The ſon of St. David would not be outdone by any of the deſcendants of St. Patrick, nor did the ladies themſelves decline engaging in the conteſt, being equally the votaries of Bacchus and Venus. It is poſſible, however, they might have paſſed the evening without any miſunderſtanding, had not ſome new comers joined them when they were pretty far advanced towards general intoxication. One of theſe, a rough and overbearing fellow, happened to have ſome previous acquaintance with David's dulcinea, and, with his uſual impudence, challenged her as his wife. David was not ſo ſimple as to be impoſed on by this ſtory, nor ſo timid as patiently to forego the amuſement he was meditating, eſpecially as the girl herſelf ſeemed unwilling to part with him, being in truth by far the more agreeable figure of the two: ſo that after ſome vollies of oaths and execrations, they came to more deſtructive weapons; and now diſcord took full poſſeſſion of thoſe hearts which ſo ſhortly before

before ſeemed perfectly united; and reaſon being delivered over to the cuſtody of whiſky, paſſion aſſumed her place, and a general conteſt aroſe without any being very clear upon what account.

If I could poſſibly imagine that any of my readers could be entertained with a detail of circumſtances ſo brutal and diſguſting as now enſued, I might deſcribe a battle of no common kind; but paſſing by the proweſs of the inferior combatants, I ſhall only take notice of the unfortunate Morgan, who defended his right with aſtoniſhing vigour and reſolution for a length of time, conſidering how much liquor he had drunk; till at length the ruffian with whom he was engaged, contrary to all rules of boxing, took up the candleſtick, which unhappily ſtood too near him, and with a violent blow on the head laid poor David ſenſeleſs at his feet. The woman cried out Murder! and this awful word at once produced ſilence and the return of their ſenſes. The young fellow who had ſeduced David

into this company was ſufficiently terrified at its conſequences to become perfectly ſober. He believed him actually dead; and, from the ſize of the wound, and the great effuſion of blood, there was the greateſt reaſon to believe that he ſoon would be ſo, if he was not ſo already. The villain who had perpetrated the act was of the ſame opinion, and thought it was full time for him to decamp. The whole company broke up: but Patrick, my lord's footman, who was the original cauſe of the cataſtrophe, had generoſity enough to remain with the body of David, and ſwore he would never leave it though it ſhould bring him to the gallows. At length, however, they diſcovered that David was not dead; and then Patrick conveyed him in a ſedan chair to Lord Rivers's, where he was put to bed, and where he attended him with all the anxiety of a brother.

Lord Rivers was exceedingly diſtreſſed by this accident. His reſentment roſe chiefly againſt Patrick, whom he ordered

into

into his preſence—" Thou profligate ſcoundrel!" ſaid he, " how dare you preſume to go to your odious meetings, and to ſeduce the ſervant of my friend to be of your infamous party?"—" My lord," replied Patrick, " I did nothing but what your lordſhip does yourſelf every night. If your lordſhip took the maſter to your meetings, where the company is not always ſober, I ſaw no great harm in taking the man to mine; neither do I ſee any great difference between one whore and another, or between being drunk with champagne or whiſky punch." Rage and aſtoniſhment were viſibly impreſſed upon his lordſhip's countenance—but conſcience and reaſon got the better, and his paſſion immediately ſubſided—" Patrick," ſaid he calmly, " you are right. You have given me a piece of inſtruction that I hope I ſhall be the better for all my days. Here are five guineas for it, which it is well worth: but in the mean time I muſt tell you, I have no more occaſion for your ſervice. Call to-morrow,

and you ſhall be paid your wages; but let me never ſee you afterwards unleſs I ſend for you." Poor Patrick, who loved his lordſhip, would have apologized, and was very unwilling to take the five guineas; but Lord Rivers was inexorable. He ordered him immediately out of his preſence, ſo that he was forced to go and comfort himſelf as well as he could with his fee, for the loſs of a good place by his indiſcretion.

His remark, however, made a deeper impreſſion upon his lordſhip than the declamation of a hundred ſermons. He could not fail to be ſtruck with its force and truth, and ſincerely to lament that his example had ſpread the contagion of vice to an extent that he little thought or was aware of. So circumſpect ſhould the great ever be, in whoſe power it is to reform or corrupt a world. In the mean time no trouble or expence were ſpared to recover poor David, and to ſecure the villain who had given him the wound. Patrick was very inſtrumental in this: he did not know

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the man, but he was well acquainted with the girl on whoſe account the ſcuffle began. Lord Rivers himſelf condeſcended to go to the girl, and, by dint of bribes, and promiſes of protection, obtained from her the principal information, which was, that his name was Reilly, and that he had been a ſmuggler out of the port of Ruſh. She could not, or would not, tell where he ſtaid; but, by dint of a promiſe of a larger ſum, ſhe undertook to find him out and to betray him.

David remained in a very doubtful way: his ſenſes were ſo confuſed that he had no recollection, and did not even know where he was. The ſurgeon apprehended his ſkull was fractured; but his head was ſo ſwelled that nothing could be certainly affirmed, except that his life was in danger; and therefore a warrant was procured to apprehend the villain who gave the blow. In a few nights information was given them by the girl, that Reilly was to ſup with her that night; when about ten o'clock

Lord

Lord Rivers and the Captain, together with Ned Evans, and ſome proper officers of juſtice, made their appearance in her apartment. The aſtoniſhed Reilly was amazed—yet neither his courage nor his preſence of mind forſook him. He did not attempt to make the leaſt oppoſition, nor even to deny the fact. He ſaid he had no malice upon earth to David, whom he had never ſeen before; that he was ſorry he had been hurt, but that he ſtruck him in his own defence, and that he was ready to go before any court in the world. He added that his character was well known; that he had but lately come to the kingdom, and that he could get many reſpectable people to vouch for his behaviour. Lord Rivers aſked him his name, and where he lived? He ſaid his name was Patrick Reilly; that he dealt in horſes, and uſually lived in Cheſter, from whence he had lately come with ſome to this kingdom. At the name of Cheſter and of Patrick Reilly the aſtoniſhment of Ned Evans was only equalled by his ſatiſ-

faction.

faction. The trivial accident that happened to David was forgotten, and his tranſport was complete, when he beheld the deteſted murderer of Mrs. Melville in his power. Wondering within himſelf at the hidden myſteries of Providence, and grateful that he ſhould in ſo ſurpriſing a manner be thus twice choſen as the agent to bring this ſecret villany to light, he was ſilent for a moment; but ſoon exclaimed, "Oh! thou cruel and perfidious villain! God, whom thou haſt offended, purſues thee with ſpeedy vengeance, and entangles thee in thine own ſnares. Thou knoweſt me not! but know, villain! that I know thee, and all that belongs to thee. Was I not preſent when thy murderous hand diſcharged the blunderbuſs into the carriage of two defenceleſs ladies on the road to Bangor, when one of them was killed? Think you that I do not know your maſter, Mr. Nicholſon; and your deluded accomplice, Andrew Collins?"—Had the roof of the chamber cleft in twain, and thunder fallen from heaven into the room,

room, the aſtoniſhment of Reilly would have been leſs. When he ſurveyed Evans, he did not believe that he was human; he took him for ſome being ſent purpoſely by the Almighty to confound him, and, without anſwering a word, dropped ſenſeleſs at his feet. The amazement of the reſt of the company was hardly leſs; and even when they were told the whole, though there was nothing out of the common road of nature in it, yet they were deeply impreſſed with awful veneration of that Being whoſe eye can penetrate to the centre of creation, and whoſe power can over-rule all accidents to the ends of his Providence.

Reilly was now effectually ſecured, and delivered into the hands of the officers of juſtice. He was ſoon after tranſmitted to Conway, where Collins was allowed to turn king's evidence, and where he expiated on the gallows (as far as the death of ſuch a miſcreant could expiate) the various cruelties and crimes of his moſt wicked life. In the mean time poor David recovered: the

the wound was found only to be a contuſion; and, being managed by a ſkilful hand, he was in a ſhort time able to renew his uſual occupations. He was not indeed quite ſo enamoured with Dublin as he had been at firſt, but he promiſed to take better care both of his company and his morals; and conſoled himſelf for his broken head, that it had been the means of diſcovering the villain Reilly, and that he could now claim ſome ſhare with his maſter in the honour of that affair.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

NED's regimentals were now brought home, and he appeared in them for the firſt time at the Caſtle. He had the honour to be introduced to the Lord Lieutenant by Lord Rivers, and to thank his Excellency for the commiſſion which he had beſtowed upon him. The Viceroy was ſtruck with the ſingular beauty of his figure, and the graceful unembarraſſed manner in which he ſpoke; and he paid him a very handſome compliment on the occaſion. Several military men too of conſequence, who were at the levee, took notice of him, and he found himſelf at once a conſpicuous figure in the firſt company in the kingdom. Under the auſpices of Lord Rivers indeed he had no difficulty in finding admittance into any circle; and being once introduced, his own merits were ſure to gain him a hearty welcome

come wherever he was known. It was not only the ladies who admired him, for whom indeed he had irreſiſtible attractions, but the qualities of his mind were found not inferior to thoſe of his perſon, and gained him the eſteem of thoſe on whom beauty could have no impreſſion.

Thus admired and careſſed, a young man of leſs ſenſe and leſs ſtrictneſs of education would have been in danger of being overrun with vanity or overthrown by thoſe ſeducing pleaſures which ſprung up every where under his feet:—but Ned carried a guardian in his breaſt whom he was accuſtomed to obey. He attended to the whiſpers of that divine monitor who reſides within us, and who never deceives; and he walked ſecure through all the temptations of the capital blameleſs. And how indeed could it be otherwiſe, when his earlieſt and his lateſt duty was to ſolicit the favour and the protection of his Maker, and when his heart was devoted to the lovelieſt object that ever engaged the affections

of

of a man. In vain then did the Dublin beauties diſplay their charms; in vain did pleaſure aſſail him in a thouſand forms: a virtuous paſſion filled his ſoul, which would not admit of any thing low or ſordid coming in contact with it. And now the wiſhed-for letters arrived from Lord Ravenſdale, congratulating him on his arrival in Ireland, and containing a moſt cordial invitation to him to go down to the country; —an affectionate compliment from Lady Cecilia too was not forgotten; which infuſed new joy into his heart, and new brilliancy into his countenance: ſo that hardly was there to be found a happier being in the kingdom, or one who more deſerved to be ſo. As the parliament was ſtill ſitting, Lord Rivers could not accompany him down; but his friend the Captain was ready to eſcort him, and the next morning was fixed on for their journey. If ſorrow is a baniſher of ſleep, joy is no leſs ſo; and never did night ſeem ſo tedious to Ned before.

At laſt it dawned—and, long before the

ſun himſelf aroſe, did Ned ſpring from his bed and prepare for this wiſhed-for expedition. The Captain, who was not ſo eager, would not ſtir without his breakfaſt; and though eating was an amuſement Ned reliſhed as well as any body, yet he would have faſted a whole Lent rather than not get forward. At laſt they mounted, and with David and the Captain's man bid adieu to Dublin, and left Lord Rivers in his firſt nap. As the domes and the ſpires of the metropolis withdrew, the ſpirits and the ſatisfaction of Ned increaſed: every ſtep brought him nearer to the beloved of his ſoul, and every mile-ſtone that he counted was a new ſource of tranſport to his boſom. Ravenſdale however was not to be reached in one day, at leaſt not without relays of horſes, which thoſe who travel in Ireland muſt not always expect to find. The country however was charming, and the alternate objects of ſplendour and of poverty, of neatneſs and ſlovenlineſs, which ſeem ſcattered ſo promiſcuouſly over the face of it,

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ſerved only to divert his fancy and afford new topics for his philoſophy. "How eaſily is nature ſatisfied!" ſaid he, as he beheld ſix naked children playing on a dunghill—not naked in rags, but naked as they were born—abſolutely diveſted of all raiment whatſoever. They had however roſy cheeks and mirthful countenances; they laughed incontinently, and ſeemed to have no want of butter-milk and potatoes. The hovel in which they were born was built in a ditch, the gripe of which formed two ſides of it; and the nuptial bed which produced them conſiſted of one blanket and a bundle of ſtraw. The mother however was ſinging as ſhe ſat ſpinning on her wheel; and the father was gone to his labour in the demeſne of a gentleman whoſe ſplendid palace now roſe upon the view, whoſe eſtate was at leaſt full 20,000l. a year; and who, though married for half a century, had no child to inherit it; and the happineſs of whoſe whole life was poiſoned on that account. O equitable Providence!

who giveſt riches as ſeemeth beſt to thee, although divided in ſuch partial meaſure; but who beſtoweſt happineſs with more equal hand—who haſt ſeated it in the ſoul, and not made it abſolutely to depend on any external circumſtance whatſoever!

No accident of any note happened to them on their way:—the ſecond day about eleven, the majeſtic front of Ravenſdale ſhewed itſelf through ſurrounding trees. Emboſomed within its turrets lay Edward's cynoſure—but no cruel giant, or enchanted dragon, oppoſed his way. Wealth, honour, hoſpitality, poſſeſſed the dome; and beauty, innocence, and virtue, reſided in it. Hail happy hour that conducts young Edward to the manſion of his adored Cecilia!—Behold he ſees her! She comes herſelf, all elegant as ſhe is, to meet him—She is now at home, and therefore frankneſs has baniſhed form—She takes him by the hand; nay ſhe offers him her ambroſial lips, and Edward taſtes a bliſs which would have overpaid an age of pain!

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The old Lord was confined to his chair by the gout, but far from being a complaint, it was the cure of that diſorder which he had had in Dublin. He received our hero, as the deliverer of his daughter, with affection, with admiration, with gratitude, and with all that complacency which every man muſt feel in the preſence of an amiable and deſerving fellow-creature, whom they have greatly obliged. Ned fancied himſelf in Elyſium; and indeed all that he had ever heard or read of that celebrated abode of happineſs, fell ſhort of what he felt. The Captain was but a ſecondary figure in this group; and though his tranſports were leſs, yet his happineſs was not little in having Ned for his gueſt; and the attentions which he paid him did equal honour to his heart, his taſte, his rank, and his education. A friendſhip indeed of the moſt tender and faithful kind began to take place between them. The Captain conſidered himſelf as his guardian and protector, becauſe he was a ſubaltern in his own company; whilſt Ned

could not fail to love whatever was ſo near to Cecilia, although he had been leſs amiable than he really was. The parity of their years too (for there were only three between them) made the ſame amuſements pleaſing to both; and the ſame goodneſs of heart united to the ſtrongeſt natural underſtanding, which in both had received the addition of liberal education, gave taſte to theſe amuſements: ſo that hardly any two could have met more happily formed to pleaſe each other, and the circumſtances of whoſe meeting were more likely to bind them in the tender chains of indiſſoluble friendſhip.

The rank of Captain Rivers's family might indeed have contributed to keep Edward at a diſtance; but the nobility of Ireland have nothing of that feudal pride which is ſo diſguſting and contemptible in moſt other nations. To ſplendid fortunes they unite the moſt liberal and condeſcending manners; and whoever has the education and behaviour of a gentleman, is ſure

to meet from them the frankeſt hoſpitality and the moſt dignified attention.

Ravenſdale was a manſion where the ſplendid and agreeable were happily united, and where every thing that is amiable preſided over every thing that is noble. As a beautiful place it could hardly be ſurpaſſed in any country; and to deſcribe it would require the powers of the pencil rather than the pen. The houſe was built by the firſt lord, in the reign of James the firſt of England, from a deſign of the celebrated Inigo Jones; which is enough to let us know that it was at once magnificent and convenient. It was ſeated on a riſing ground, commanding a proſpect of many miles over a rich and well-cultivated country, great part of which belonged to the noble earl himſelf. The celebrated Shannon, whoſe lordly tide might bear a navy on its boſom, wound round the demeſne; when expanding itſelf into a lake, it formed a ſheet of water full thirteen miles in length and half as much in breadth—in full proſpect from the

windows. The banks of this liquid mirror preſented the richeſt and moſt diverſified ſcenery—ſometimes level lawns, the fertile paſtures which feed the Weſt-Indies, and all the navies of Europe—ſometimes towering rocks, the inacceſſible aëries of eagles and of hawks—ſometimes groves, whoſe venerable ſhades embrowned the rocks, and ſeemed to grow downwards to the bottom of the lake; whilſt the blue tops of the diſtant mountains melted among the clouds, or poured the golden rays of the ſetting ſun amid the purple ſhadows of the valleys. Towers were not wanting, the venerable remains of ruined monaſteries; nor here and there the riſing ſmokes of cheerful cottages, while the homely meal is preparing for the labourer's ſupper. The cows low for the pail; the lambs bleat by their dams; the murmur of the village ſwells in the breeze, and infant voices, laughing as they play, proclaim that all is harmony and peace around. Oh happy plains of plenty and of peace! you I no more reviſit—yet

ſhall

ſhall the remembrance of you ſooth my wanderings; yet ſhall your proſperity be dearer to me than my own—dearer than the ruddy drops which ſtill warm my heart, that never can ceaſe to love you till it ceaſes to beat. The gardens of Ravenſdale alſo were ſuitable to the grandeur of its ſituation and the opulence of its owner—they were laid out on the moſt extenſive ſcale of modern improvement, on the models of thoſe delightful farms which have long been the boaſt and admiration of England; where nature is embelliſhed without being diſguiſed, and all her native beauties called into view by the happy aſſiſtance of taſte and opulence.

In theſe delicious groves, the hours of Edward were winged with happineſs, whilſt the tranſporting ſociety of Lady Cecilia gave new charms to nature in his eyes, and made Paradiſe itſelf ſink in them when compared to Ravenſdale. Nor was its charming inhabitant leſs happy in the company of Edward: her chaſte and gentle

boſom loved him with a pure and holy paſſion; a generous ſentiment with which ſex had no connection, but which aroſe from ſimilarity of taſte and years—from admiration of the noble and manly qualities of his heart and mind—and from a grateful ſenſe of the protection and eſſential obligations ſhe received from him. His figure indeed might alſo be pleaſing in her eye, for it was impoſſible to behold him without feeling that prepoſſeſſion which beauty inſpires; but his mind would have been lovely in any form, and to this and gratitude her preſent affection was wholly dedicated. Her amiable condeſcenſion now repaid the attention which Ned had ſhewn to her ladyſhip when at his father's houſe; and the ſweet walks and rides in which he attended her in Wales were here renewed, with this difference that now there were always others in company; Captain Rivers or ſome of the neighbouring gentlemen and ladies uſually attending in theſe excurſions: yet ſometimes he had the happineſs to enjoy her

her company alone. In the gardens were many charming wilderneſſes of ſhrubs and evergreens, ſtreams winding through banks of primroſes, ruſtic ſeats beneath aged oaks and elms, temples and hermitages, where juſt taſte had ſcattered mottos and poems ſuited to their ſituations. Through theſe walks Lady Cecilia did not ſcruple to accompany Edward; and here did ſhe often charm his attention by talking of his father and mother, whom ſhe called her dear protectors—and by recalling the recollection of all thoſe ſimple and peaceful ſcenes, endeared to Edward from his infancy, and receiving new charms from the happy hours ſpent in them with her ladyſhip, and from being now the themes on which ſhe ſeemed moſt delighted to converſe. Here could he have been contented to remain for ever!—His heart, which had begun to pant for glory, was every day relapſing into the languors of love; and his commiſſion, which had been the pride and joy of his heart, ſeemed now almoſt to be a misfortune, when

it reminded him that that fatal hour was approaching, which was to ſummon him acroſs the Atlantic—when the ſoft ſcenes in which he was now engaged, were to be changed for horrors and for tumults—and when thouſands of miles of an inhoſpitable and tempeſtuous element were to roll between him and the deſire of his ſoul. The thoughts of this ſeparation were the only thing that detracted from his preſent tranſport. Yet how ſalutary was it for his peace! for what proſpect or what probability has he of ever gratifying that paſſion to which he ſo incautiouſly reſigns his ſoul? Poor Ned was not inſenſible of his deluſion—he knew his paſſion to be hopeleſs, and a thouſand times did he reſolve to reſtrain it within the bounds of reaſon and inviolable friendſhip; but one glance of Lady Cecilia's eye was able to overthrow all his reſolution, and to rivet him in chains which not even deſpair itſelf could unlooſe. The lovely Cecilia herſelf perceived his emotions, and pitied what ſhe could not relieve. She thought

thought him indeed of all men that ſhe had ſeen the moſt amiable and engaging; and ſometimes ſhe wiſhed ſhe had been born in Wales, and never known a lot ſuperior to the happy mediocrity of a decent competence. But ſhe was not inſenſible of the dignity of her ſtation, nor indifferent to the honour of her family. She loved and revered her father with all the powers of her ſoul, and ſhe would die before ſhe would ſwerve from the ſmalleſt tittle of the duty which ſhe owed him. She knew that of all things on earth he was moſt tenacious of the dignity of his family; and though he knew how to reſpect and to reward merit wherever he found it, yet the thought of matching her into a plebeian family was what ſhe was ſure he never would endure, and a mortification to which ſhe herſelf would never expoſe him. On the other hand, ſhe thought every thing ſhort of love was due to Edward. She applauded the ſentiment of generous friendſhip and unbounded gratitude which ſhe felt for him;

and whilſt ſhe confined herſelf to theſe ſentiments, ſhe thought ſhe might ſafely indulge them to their utmoſt latitude. She behaved therefore to him with the utmoſt openneſs and frankneſs, and with that kind of affectionate familiarity with which a ſiſter would behave to a brother—and which the poor youth, who perfectly underſtood her meaning, received with a timidity and baſhfulneſs wholly unknown to him on any other occaſion.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

AMONG the families of diſtinction in the neighbourhood, who were in habits of intimacy at Ravenſdale Houſe, one of its moſt frequent viſitors was that of the Reverend Doctor Burton; a clergyman of large preferment and conſiderable independent fortune. He had been at college with the Earl, where an intimacy commenced which had never met with the ſmalleſt interruption, and which had been of mutual advantage to both on many occaſions. The Doctor's unaffected piety being joined to great learning, and adorned with the utmoſt elegance of manners, contributed greatly to that reverence for religion and cautious regard to moral character which diſtinguiſhed the Earl, and which in a great meaſure he imbibed from his early acquaintance with him; and his lordſhip had in return been extremely ſerviceable to the Doctor, in raiſing

raiſing him to the lucrative ſituation in the church which he then enjoyed.

This gentleman's family conſiſted of his wife and two daughters; the youngeſt of whom, Miſs Sophia, was a beautiful and accompliſhed girl, and the boſom friend of Lady Cecilia. The eldeſt, Miſs Henrietta, was alſo very handſome; but having been educated in the metropolis under the care of a maiden aunt, whoſe god-daughter ſhe was, ſhe had ſpent but little time in the country even with her father and mother. She had returned to them, however, lately on the death of her aunt, who lived to finiſh her education, and, dying, bequeathed to her her whole fortune, amounting to 10,000l. independent of her father and mother. If envy could have harboured in ſuch a breaſt as Sophia's, the marked attention which was every where paid to Henrietta, even in her father's houſe, might have given birth to that odious paſſion: but ſhe looked on the good fortune of her ſiſter with the utmoſt complacency and

good

good nature, and ſighed neither for pleaſures nor poſſeſſions which could not be enjoyed but at the expence of innocence and tranquillity of mind. The ſociety of Lady Cecilia was to her the moſt delightful of all entertainments; nor did her tender and faithful heart ever wander after gratifications beyond the pale of domeſtic enjoyments. It is true ſhe had not as yet ſeen any other; but ſhe had heard her friend talk of them without much regard, and ſaw her prefer the tranquil pleaſures, even when ſhe had the others in her choice, and thoſe too in the higheſt perfection. But Harriet was of a different opinion. She had been uſed to the gayeſt ſcenes of the metropolis, where her ſociety was courted and her beauty admired—but where her attentions to her mind had not kept pace with thoſe to her perſon. The country therefore was to her exile; and ſhe felt more horrors in her father's houſe than Sophy probably would have done in a priſon. The Doctor obſerved this turn in his daughter with regret;

and

and thought it ill compenſated for, even by her fortune of 10,000l. But her mother viewed her with admiration, and was for ever propoſing her as the pattern of elegance to the hundred times more elegant Sophia.

If a faſhionable appearance be pronounced to be elegance, ſhe was indeed poſſeſſed of this ſpecies of it: but faſhion itſelf is not always elegant, and I believe was never leſs ſo than at the time I ſpeak of; a certain air of forward freedom and maſculine intrepidity having been adopted as the higheſt ton of faſhion among the ladies, utterly ſubverſive of that engaging ſoftneſs and modeſt delicacy which uſed to be conſidered as eſſential ornaments of the female character.

Another family, which ſometimes uſed to viſit at Ravenſdale, though leſs frequently, was Mr. Nettlefield's, the father of the young man whom we have already heard of in the ſtory of Miſs Grainger. The circumſtances of that affair, and his baſe behaviour

behaviour to that amiable and innocent girl, were not generally known, not even to his own neareſt connections. He himſelf was with his regiment in America, where his public conduct as an officer was unimpeachable: his gallantries were conſidered as natural to his time of life; they were laughed at by the men, and did not diſcredit him even with the women, doubtleſs becauſe their malignant circumſtances were not fully known; and now that he was abſent, it was conſidered as ungenerous to talk about them. But the knowledge of them in all their blackneſs prepoſſeſſed Ned even againſt the father, who came over from his own houſe on purpoſe to wait upon him and Captain Rivers, and to aſk them there.

Mr. Nettlefield was one of thoſe kind of men who never grow old, but carry along with them to their grand climacteric all the vices and follies of nineteen and twenty. He had once been handſome, and, like his ſon, had taken advantage of this circum-

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ſtance to engage the affections of a very amiable woman; whom it is very probable he would have ſerved as his ſon did Miſs Grainger, had ſhe not poſſeſſed a qualification which of all things he admired, though he was entirely deſtitute of it himſelf, and this was an eſtate of about 600l. a year. Having got the heart, he very ſoon obtained the hand alſo of this unfortunate lady, who married him contrary to the advice of all her friends, and who never enjoyed a week of real comfort or ſatisfaction after. Yet Nettlefield was accounted a mighty good kind of a man, and, except by his wife and daughter, thought to be one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world. All the young men in the neighbourhood adored him. His houſe was a rendezvous of pleaſure, where every body that had nothing to do was welcome. There were horſes, there were hounds, there was claret, there was every thing that could ſeduce and gratify the paſſions of youth; whilſt poor Mrs. Nettlefield and her daughter, whom ſorrow had

had taught wiſdom, and who ſought for conſolations from books and from each other, for the moſt part ſat alone mourning over the impending ruin of their family, and expoſed to the brutality of that ſecret ill nature, which was the more bitter becauſe it was unknown, the more cruel becauſe it was undeſerved, and the more inſupportable becauſe it came from him who was the laſt of all perſons from whom it ought to have been expected. Such a character, had it been really known, would hardly have been agreeable to any perſon; but you could diſcover nothing of this by converſing with Nettlefield, nor even by living with him, unleſs you were his dependent. He was therefore generally liked, and every where well received: even Lord Ravenſdale had a regard for him, and had ſhewn it by lending him 6000l. to extricate him from the jaws of ſome preſſing creditors, who were ready to devour both him and his eſtate. His lordſhip indeed ſeldom went to his houſe, unleſs to pay a morning-viſit,

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and that principally to the ladies, for whom he had a real regard. But the orgies of Nettlefield's table, and the promiſcuous company that were ſometimes to be found there, deterred him from ever making one at it, as ſuiting neither his dignity nor his inclination. Mr. Nettlefield, however, was always welcome to his; and the young Lord and Captain Rivers uſed to pay back the compliment, frequently hunting and ſometimes dining with him. Ned therefore and the Captain were under the neceſſity of returning his viſit, and accepting his invitation. His eſtate lay about five miles from Ravenſdale, and the demeſne might have been very properly called after the name of its proprietor. The nettles and other weeds which were ſpread over what they called the lawn, might have furniſhed ſpecimens to the botaniſts of all the baneful vegetables that were to be found in theſe climates; among which a few haggard-looking kine, that ſtarted as they rode by, were picking their dangerous and ſcanty food.

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The houſe ſtood ſolitary in the midſt, except a few thatched offices at one ſide; for the timber which once adorned it was long ſince cut down, and converted into claret and game-cocks. Part of it ſeemed in ruins; for the rafters appeared through a large hole in the roof, which he wanted either materials or credit to repair. He met them, however, at the door; where a lad with a good livery-coat and ſilver epaulet, but without ſhoes or ſtockings, took their horſes. The œconomy within doors was nearly anſwerable to that without. The room into which they were ſhewn did not ſeem to have been waſhed for a twelve-month; and on its floors were many ſtains of the libations which had been poured out to the God of Revels. Nettlefield called them honourable ſtains, and ſwore he preferred them to the fineſt colours of an Axminſter carpet. "In this houſe," ſaid he, "my jewels, all is freedom! and for fear my friends ſhould not feel perfectly at eaſe, I take care that there ſhall be

be nothing that will ſpoil—even their dogs are welcome to every room in the houſe." "But does Mrs. Nettlefield make them ſo?" ſaid Ned. "Oh! I never conſult her," replied he; "we have long ſince arranged thoſe matters. She never partakes of my amuſements, nor I of hers." "What, then, ſha'n't we ſee her and Miſs Nettlefield?" ſaid the Captain. "Aye," ſaid the other; "if you prefer a ſermon to a bottle of claret. The truth is, there was a mad parſon here ſome time ago, and I believe he bit them both; for they ſeem ſo utterly devoted to the other world, that they are no longer fit for this. I never can get either of them down when any body is with me; and (egod!) I would as ſoon go to church as ſit with either of them alone. So Liberty being my motto, I let them take their way, and I take mine." "Very right, Sir," ſaid Counſellor Grogan (who was one of the company invited to dinner)—"The Iriſh make the beſt huſbands in the world, and know beſt how to deal with their wives.

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I remember a gentleman, a friend of mine, who did not live with his wife upon thoſe happy terms which you and Mrs. Nettlefield have adopted. The lady indeed would not ſuffer her huſband either to ſhare her pleaſures, or have any of his own. He bore it longer than a man of his ſenſe and his fortune might be ſuppoſed to do. At length he took the opportunity of an altercation that happened one morning at breakfaſt, and he told his wife, 'My dear Mrs. Clappertongue,' ſaid he, 'for what purpoſe is it for you and I to ſit and torment one another this way any longer? I have come to a reſolution,' ſaid he, 'that ſhall at once give us quiet, and make us live upon the beſt terms poſſible.' 'And pray what is your reſolution, Mr. Clappertongue?' ſaid ſhe. 'Why, my dear, I am come to a reſolution to divide the houſe with you,' replied he. 'Nothing can be more agreeable to me,' replied Mrs. Clappertongue. 'But do you know how I intend to divide it?' ſaid he. 'No!' replied

ſhe, 'how ſhould I know?' 'Then, by J——, my dear, I will tell you. I will take the inſide, and you ſhall take the out: and ſo ſet about packing up your things, for by G— it ſhall be divided before dinner!' My friend was as good as his word, and has been as happy a married man as moſt in the kingdom ever ſince."

Dinner coming in put an end to this ingenious converſation, and interrupted the reflections which were riſing in Ned's mind. He was glad indeed to be relieved from the neceſſity of making any reply to ſentiments without wit, and wit without ſentiment: but if his intellectual entertainment was barren, his corporeal one was profuſe—and the attentions of Nettlefield, together with the excellence of the fare, contributed to reſtore him to good humour, and to make him endure a man of whom his firſt impreſſions were not favourable, and who had not riſen in his eſteem by any thing he had heard or ſeen.

When the cloth was taken away, and the

the deck cleared, as Nettlefield termed it, he called for ammunition; by which my unenlightened readers are to underſtand wine, and any other liquors that the adepts chooſe in the great myſtery of drinking. The church, the king, the mother of ſaints, and various other ingenious and patriotic toaſts were drunk with all the honours, and in ſuch copious bumpers that Ned began to feel himſelf elevating. He ſoon made an attempt to withdraw; but now he found how little ſome men's mottos and profeſſions agree with their ſentiments and practice. The door was locked; and this houſe, where liberty was the motto, was converted into a bacchanalian baſtile. It is true they were for the moſt part willing priſoners, but this was not the caſe of Ned or the Captain. They begged, they implored, they remonſtrated—but all in vain; ſo finding what brutes they had to deal with, they ſubmitted to their chains, but determined never to be taken in them again. For the reſt, all was conviviality—the wine was ex-

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cellent, and it was not ſpared: they laughed, they roared, they danced, they ſung, all except our two gentlemen and a fat farmer, a Mr. Shamrock, who luckily ſat between them. This gentleman very ſoon fell faſt aſleep; and happening to have on a very wide pair of boots, Ned wickedly took the advantage of emptying the greateſt part of his glaſs into them unobſerved; an example which the Captain followed on the other ſide, and thus happily preſerved themſelves in a ſtate of tolerable ſobriety. They were at laſt releaſed; not, however, before the dawn had begun to dapple the eaſtern clouds; and were glad when they got to Ravenſdale, to find themſelves once more in the realms of real liberty and pleaſure.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

BUT whatever diſlike theſe gentlemen had to the noiſy orgies of Nettlefield's table, they had none at all to his company in the field; in all the ſports of which he was a complete adept. They accordingly often accompanied him a-hunting; and Lord Ravenſdale, though he never ſhared in that diverſion himſelf, and diſliked the trouble of a pack of hounds, and the ſociety to which they unavoidably led, yet took care to be always amply provided with excellent horſes, for the accommodation of ſuch of his friends or viſitors as loved the ſport, but were unprovided with the means of enjoying it. To his choice of theſe Mr. Evans was always welcome; and indeed, to him, there could not be a higher gratification; for the love of horſes, as it was one of his earlieſt, ſo it continued to be one of his ſtrongeſt paſſions.

It was one day after they had had a ſevere chace of many hours, when reynard ſucceeded in foiling all his adverſaries, and the company were diſperſed over the fields, that Ned took the opportunity of their diſperſion to return home without taking leave of Nettlefield, and hoping that Captain Rivers, who was not immediately in ſight, would follow him. He was ſomewhat fatigued with the length of the chace, and had no mind to engage in the ſtill ſeverer toil that he knew he muſt undergo had he accompanied Mr. Nettlefield to his houſe. Wrapped up then in pleaſing meditations on his preſent happineſs, and the new and buſy ſcenes that were opening to him, he gave his horſe the bridle, permitting him to take his own choice of the way he would go home; and not doubting but he would lead him the neareſt, if not the eaſieſt road. In this, however, he was miſtaken; for the horſe had been purchaſed from Nettlefield, who bred him; and being now ſeized with a deſire to viſit his native fields,

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he was actually conducting Edward to the very ſpot in which he was foaled. In their way was a deep glen, through which ran a ſtream of water, and beſide it ſtood a lonely cottage, whoſe ruinous appearance and deſerted ſituation pronounced it to be the abode of neglected miſery. Ned ſtopped a moment to contemplate this ſequeſtered ſpot, and to ſlake his thirſt with the cool and limpid ſtream that was gliding by; when a poor and feeble, but venerable and decent old woman came out of the cottage; ſupporting with a ſtick in one hand her tottering ſteps, and bearing in the other an empty pitcher, which when filled with water, ſhe would ſcarcely be able to carry back again. When ſhe ſaw Edward, ſhe would have retired; but he immediately alighted from his horſe, and, with all that good nature which was ever an inſtinctive movement of his ſoul, relieved her from the burthen of her pitcher, which he filled for her with water, and inſiſted upon carrying it for her into the houſe. This little

act of kindneſs, however inconſiderable in itſelf, yet afforded a dawn of conſolation to the afflicted object for whom it was performed; for it was the firſt act of pity or attention that ſhe had experienced for a long while, though no perſon could be more in need of both, nor better deſerve them. The good old woman ſurveyed Ned for a minute in ſilent gratitude, and then burſt out into tears. "Alas! dame," ſaid the ſympathizing youth, "ſurely ſome deep misfortune has befallen you, that you live thus lonely in this ruinous cottage, ſo far from any neighbour or aſſiſtance." "Oh! Sir," replied ſhe, "I am not quite alone, for God is with me; and he perhaps has ſent you here this day to witneſs the diſtreſs I am in, and may be to ſave the life of my poor child. Pray, Sir, have the goodneſs to look in here, and ſee if you can do any thing for her." She then conducted Ned into a little ſpace partitioned off the cottage by a few wattles, where, on a pallet of ſtraw, lay a beautiful girl of about eighteen, in the

the higheſt paroxyſm of a pleuritic fever. The fluſh that was on her countenance gave a tranſient illumination to her beauty; but the fixed ſtare of her eyes, and the burning heat of her body, joined to the ſhort pantings of her breath, ſeemed to indicate that a very ſhort period would place her beyond the reach of all worldly calamity.

Ned was not a phyſician, but he was able to bleed; a part of the art which he had firſt learned for the benefit of his horſe, but which he had found uſeful to know how to do upon many occaſions before the preſent, and had ſkill enough to be convinced was the firſt thing to be done in the caſe before him. He took a lancet therefore, which he always carried in his pocket-book, and, with the aſſiſtance of the mother, ſoon performed the operation, to the viſible and almoſt immediate relief of the patient; and as ſoon as he had bound up her arm, he haſtened to gratify his curioſity reſpecting their ſituation. The poor old woman prefaced her narration with another burſt of

tears, in which thoſe of ſorrow were mingled with thoſe of gratitude.

"My name, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "is Alice Doran, and it is only a fortnight comes to-morrow ſince my poor huſband died upon that bed on which you have now ſeen my daughter laid, and who, if it ſhall be the Almighty's will, is I hope prepared to follow him." "Did your huſband die of the ſame fever that your daughter has?" interrupted Ned. "No, Sir," replied the dame, "he died of a broken heart, and my poor child has caught her preſent illneſs by cold and fatigue in her attendance upon him: for, alas! Sir, we have not been always ſo deſtitute; we never knew what it was to want the decent neceſſaries of life till our cruel landlord firſt took from us the ſtaff of our age, and then abandoned us to want and miſery."—"Who is this tyrant?" aſked Ned. "Mayhap your Honour knows him," replied the old woman; "it is Squire Nettlefield."—"O yes, I know him," ſaid the youth, "and can believe all that you ſay.

Pray

Pray let me hear your ſtory out." "Why, Sir, as I was ſaying, we always had the decent neceſſaries of life, for we rented a ſmall farm, which enabled us to live as long as we were able to manage it; which we might have done yet if the Squire had left us our ſon, and it had pleaſed God to have continued my dear huſband to me; but indeed it was the loſs of our boy that was the beginning of all our misfortunes." "What became of him?" interrupted Ned. "He was liſted for a ſoldier, Sir," replied the old woman. "About two years ago there was a regiment raiſed here to go all the way to America to fight; and the officers got their commiſſions according to the number of men they could raiſe. Mr. Nettlefield's ſon got advanced in that regiment by his father's forcing all the tenants and cotters to part with their ſons, or be turned out of their farms; and I would to God we had been turned out at firſt, and then I ſhould not have been bereaved of my huſband and my child! And had we kept to-

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gether, we might have ſtill been well to live; but they wheedled my ſon away, and promiſed him twenty guineas, and he never got more than five; and God knows whether he is living this day or not, for I never heard but once from him when he firſt got to America, and they ſay they never will be able to beat them, and perhaps my poor boy has been killed." "Oh! never deſpond," interrupted Ned. "I myſelf am going to America, and they who told you we ſhould not beat them know nothing of the matter. I'll warrant we'll give a good account of them, and bring home your ſon in triumph too." "I aſk no triumph," replied the poor old woman; "I aſk only for peace. Would to God I had been ſuffered to have lived with my family in peace, and I would not have moved a mile, far leſs four thouſand, to have diſturbed that of any creature upon earth." "Pooh," ſaid Ned, "now you ſpeak like an old woman." "I ſpeak like what I am then, Sir," replied ſhe; "but I ſpeak alſo like a

chriſtian."—"I acknowledge it," ſaid Ned. "I beg your pardon. I did not mean to offend you."—"Oh! Sir, you cannot offend me," ſaid ſhe. "But, to reſume my unhappy ſtory. When my ſon was gone, the work was too heavy for his father; and though the poor dear girl who now lies on that ſick pallet, as well as myſelf, exerted ourſelves to the utmoſt to aſſiſt him, yet we were all unequal to the taſk, ſo that my poor man loſt all heart, and with it his health; and when he was unable to pay his rent, the ſquire ſeized all, even the very beds from under us, and turned us out of houſe and home; and had it not been for the friendſhip of a neighbouring farmer, who gave us this cottage, we ſhould not have had a ſhelter for our houſeleſs heads. We have now been here, Sir, about nine months. My poor huſband, as long as he was able, uſed to do a little work for the good man that befriended us, and who ſtill continues to aſſiſt us; but his heart was quite broke, and, as I ſaid, it is a fortnight to-

to-morrow ſince God was pleaſed to deliver him from all his ſorrows." "My good woman," ſaid Mr. Evans, "I heartily feel for your afflictions; but if you will allow a young officer to preach to you, I would deſire you not to deſpond. I am one of thoſe who are not aſhamed to confeſs that they believe in God; and that his providence is over all his works. Perhaps it is he who has directed my ſteps hither this day, for certainly I had no thoughts of coming here myſelf; and if he has been pleaſed to make me an humble inſtrument of bringing any good to you, I ſhall gratefully accept the charge, and be thankful that he has made my duty ſuit ſo exactly with my inclination. Your daughter is relieved by the bleeding, and I will call again to ſee both you and her. In the mean time you know all that is neceſſary for her in her preſent ſtate; which that you may be able to provide for her with more comfort, you will pleaſe to accept this ſmall matter till I am able to ſee you again." With theſe words

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he ſlipped two guineas into her hand; and without waiting to hear the fervent ejaculations of piety and gratitude which the good old woman was devoutly offering up to Heaven in his favour, he mounted his horſe, and was out of her ſight in a moment.

When he got to Ravenſdale, he found Captain Rivers had got home before him, and that Lord Rivers alſo had come down from Dublin, and brought with him an Engliſh nobleman, who had never been in Ireland before, and to whom the reader ſhall be introduced in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE nobleman who had arrived ſo unexpectedly at Ravenſdale, was the Viſcount Squanderfield, the very Lord who had been ſo aſſiduous in his attentions upon Lady Cecilia when ſhe was with her aunt in London, and with whoſe attentions her ladyſhip did not ſeem to be at all flattered. He was, however, very high in the graces of Lady Elizabeth Belmont, by whom a title and the manners of a man of faſhion were conſidered as firſt-rate accompliſhments, and ſufficient to atone for the want of moſt others. Her ladyſhip had obſerved with pleaſure that her niece ſeemed to have made an impreſſion on this noble lord when ſhe had been in London, and did not conceive it poſſible but his addreſſes muſt be highly agreeable, not only to Lady Cecilia, but alſo to her father and the reſt of the family; ſhe had therefore furniſhed his

lordſhip

lordſhip with the warmeſt recommendations to her brother, the Earl of Ravenſdale, magnifying, or rather creating his virtues and endowments, among which ſhe reckoned as not the leaſt an eſtate of near 20,000l. a year; and indeed if ſhe could have made good this laſt character ſhe had given of his lordſhip, I doubt not but many others would have acquieſced in the opinion that it was a qualification and endowment of a moſt exalted kind. But whatever his lordſhip's eſtate might have been when he took poſſeſſion of it, which was hardly four years before this time, it is certain that it was now diminiſhed pretty nearly in the ſame proportion, and that hardly a fourth part of it remained. We muſt not therefore give his lordſhip entire credit for that diſcerning eye with which he ſo ſoon diſcovered the uncommon merits of the charming Cecilia, nor for that ardour of affection which had now borne him acroſs the ſea in purſuit of this beloved object. The truth is, the ſupreme object of his

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lordſhip's regard he wiſely choſe to keep ſo near himſelf, that he need never quit his own room to purſue it any where; and it is a queſtion whether all the mental or corporeal perfections of Lady Cecilia would have been able to raiſe him out of his arm chair, had they not been connected with other endowments of a more ſolid and weighty nature, and which were of the higheſt value in his lordſhip's eyes. We are therefore ſo far from admiring his lordſhip's diſcernment in his ſelection of Lady Cecilia, that we are rather diſpoſed to wonder at his want of it, did not the experience of every day convince us that ſelf-love is able to abſorb all other paſſions, and to ſhed ſo dark a miſt upon the underſtanding as to render it impervious to the rays of even truth itſelf. Had this lord contemplated himſelf in any other glaſs than that of pride, he never could have preſumed to lift his thoughts to ſuch a character as Lady Cecilia. Nurſed up under the doting care of a fond and fooliſh mother, to whom he was an only child, he

was

was ten years old before he knew his letters; and all the learning he had ſince acquired was little more than to ſpell them and put them together. He was an adept, however, at cards; which did him this ſervice, that it was his deſire to ſtudy Hoyle that prevailed upon him ever to read at all. But for this knowledge he had paid moſt dearly, and with a greater ſum than probably educated and maintained Sir Iſaac Newton through the whole courſe of his long and glorious life. Nor was the perſon of this nobleman more apt to inſpire affection than his abilities were to create eſteem. Tall and wan, he reſembled thoſe exotic plants which ſpindle up in our hot-houſes, where they put forth ſome ſickly bloſſoms, but which wither and drop off the inſtant they are expoſed to the natural atmoſphere. Weak as his conſtitution was by nature, it was rendered ſtill more ſo by an early initiation into all the vices of the metropolis, and by that wearifome purſuit of diſſipated pleaſure which is the epidemic fever of the

times,

times, and the conſequences of which are ſo fatally viſible from the higheſt even to the loweſt orders of ſociety. His rank, however, entitled him to a polite reception any where; and at Ravenſdale he would have been ſure of this, even though he had no ſuch pretenſions to it.

Lord Rivers had been acquainted with this nobleman in London, where he often met him at his aunt's, and had contracted with him that kind of friendſhip which now-a-days ſubſiſts between young men of rank, whoſe chief occupation is the purſuit of pleaſure, and who in that purſuit are willing to take as a partner whoever is diſencumbered with principle, but ſufficiently laden with caſh; from which burthen too they commonly have a charitable view of relieving each other. His lordſhip was rejoiced therefore at the arrival of his Engliſh friend on the territory of St. Patrick, and reſolved to ſhew him all that genuine hoſpitality which the ſons of that renowned ſaint are acknowledged to poſſeſs. Neither

was he at all diſpleaſed with the motive which Lord Squanderfield avowed to have induced him to croſs the ſea, and promiſed him in the purſuit of it all the influence which he could exert both with his father and his ſiſter. With this view he recommended to him to ſet off as ſoon as poſſible to Ravenſdale, without ſending any warning of his approach, to ſhew that the ardour of his paſſion would not ſuffer him to be amuſed by any of the novelties that Dublin or its neighbourhood was able to preſent; and he promiſed to conduct him himſelf in his own phaeton and four, although parliament was ſtill ſitting; ſo that Lord Squanderfield had every reaſon to be highly pleaſed with his firſt reception on the Iriſh ſhore.

The two noble lords ſet out accordingly the next morning, and performed their journey without meeting any diſagreeable adventure, except that Lord Squanderfield damned all the inns, the waiters, and the chambermaids; and that Monſieur Papil-

lote,

lote, his lordſhip's gentleman, got a black eye from one of the latter, as he was preſuming to grin love to her through his French lantern jaws. When they reached the gate that enters into the park at Ravenſdale, the view of that venerable manſion, and the noble ſheet of water which the Shannon there exhibits, forms a very ſtriking and majeſtic ſcene; but Lord Squanderfield was ſo taken up with a little French lap-dog he had with him, that he had no leiſure to obſerve any of the ſurrounding objects. He had indeed nearly overlooked Lady Cecilia herſelf, who, ſeeing the carriage at a diſtance, and knowing it to be her brother's, had come out to meet him. Her ſurpriſe was only exceeded by her mortification, when ſhe ſaw who accompanied him. But Lord Squanderfield, awakened by Lord Rivers, got out of the phaeton, and, with his little dog under one arm, had the preſumption to offer the other to Lady Cecilia, who he ſwore by G— was the fineſt woman he had ever ſeen out

of England, which made him desirous to transplant her thither; and this with another oath he affirmed was the sole business that had brought him over. Her ladyship was so surprised at seeing him, and so confounded by this sally of impertinence, that she was fairly at a loss what to reply. She blushed, however, into a deep crimson, which his lordship fondly interpreted into an evident expression of the most favourable sentiments for him; a mistake into which nothing but the blindest and most partial self-love could have led him. The only passion he was capable of exciting in the bosom of Cecilia was either that of pity or contempt. Her placid temper and her excellent understanding preserved her from anger; and the consideration that she stood upon her father's ground induced her to suppress every emotion of resentment, and to suffer his lordship to lead her into the house.

After some cold enquiries about his voyage and other unintersting matters, she left him to the care of her father and her

her brothers, and retired to her dreſſing-room, more diſcompoſed than thoſe who were beſt acquainted with her had ever ſeen her before. From this embarraſſment ſhe was, however, ſomewhat relieved by the arrival of Dr. Burton and his two daughters, who we before ſaid were in habits of intimacy at Ravenſdale, and who came over with the intention to ſpend the day there. Miſs Harriet was delighted when ſhe heard of the arrival of the Engliſh lord, which ſhe rightly conſidered would make ſome buſtle in the neighbourhood; but Sophia, whoſe diſpoſition led her to the calm enjoyments of domeſtic life, felt more in uniſon with Lady Cecilia on the occaſion, and regretted any interruption to thoſe pleaſing moments which ſhe uſed to paſs with her among the tranquil and deep embowering ſhades of Ravenſdale. When the neceſſary preliminaries of adjuſting their dreſs were over, and the hour of dinner approached, the ladies went to the drawing-room, and were accompanied by Captain Rivers,

Rivers and Mr. Evans. They were all introduced to the newly-arrived lord, who proportioned his bows exactly to the rank of each, paſſing over Evans with a careleſs air, as if his lordly dignity had no attentions to beſtow on any man, however amiable, that was not at leaſt in ſome remote connection allied to the peerage. The youth was not, however, diſconcerted by this neglect; indeed amends were made him in the warm attachment of Lord Rivers to him, and the viſible preference which Miſs Sophia gave him, who was well acquainted with the whole of his ſpirited and generous conduct to Lady Cecilia, and who beheld in his perſon all thoſe graces and prepoſſeſſing elegancies which few would exchange for the long ſhanks and ſounding titles of Squanderfield. Doctor Burton too had conceived a very high opinion of Ned—for he had diſcovered in him a juſt and dignified ſenſe of religion united to claſſic knowledge and taſte; ſo that though in point of rank he was the humbleſt of the

company, yet he was very far from being the loweſt in private eſtimation.

Dinner being announced, Lord Squanderfield led Lady Cecilia to the head of the table, and immediately ſeated himſelf beſide her—unmindful that Lord Ravenſdale had not yet got to his chair—unmindful that Dr. Burton had ſtill a ceremony to perform, which at Ravenſdale was never neglected, but which he himſelf had ſo long diſuſed, that he hardly knew the reſpect that was due to it. When the cloth was removed, a very intereſting converſation took place relative to the ſituation of public affairs, which at that time was very critical; but in this Lord Squanderfield took no warmer part than he uſually did in the debates of his houſe—ſimply anſwering yes or no, when any queſtion was addreſſed to him. His lordſhip's attention ſeemed indeed to be wholly employed in rummaging among ſome nuts that lay with other fruit on the table. Having at laſt diſcovered among the ſhells a couple of maggots, he

ſeemed as if new waked, and immediately making two circles on the table with ſome wine that was in his glaſs, he placed a maggot in the centre of each, and offered to lay a hundred guineas upon the head of either jumping over the circumference, if any perſon at the table would take up the bet, and lay upon the other. Lord Ravenſdale ſtared; and Dr. Burton caſt up his eyes to heaven: a deep bluſh ſuffuſed the cheek of the lovely Cecilia, ariſing probably from a mingled emotion of pity and contempt—to which poſſibly might be added ſome ſmall portion of indignation, that ſuch a character ſhould ever be thought of as a fit object of her affections. The penetrating eye of Evans ſaw theſe ſeveral emotions clearly working in her mind; it was fixed faſt upon her, which her ladyſhip ſoon perceived, and was as alert in reading Edward's mind as he had been her ladyſhip's. She relieved herſelf and the company ſoon after from the awkward embarraſſment of this ſilly adventure, by riſing with the two Miſs

Burtons from table; and his lordſhip not finding any one diſpoſed to gamble with him, not long after fell aſleep in his chair, unable to contribute any thing to the fund of rational converſation, or to derive any amuſement or advantage from it himſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE inſipidity of Lord Squanderfield's character was a great mortification to Lord Rivers, and no ſmall diſappointment to Lord Ravenſdale himſelf—He had been led, by his ſiſter Lady Elizabeth Belmont, to form a very different expectation of his noble gueſt; and as the wiſh neareſt his heart was to ſee Lady Cecilia happily and ſuitably ſettled, he was ſenſibly touched by his failure in the preſent inſtance. To Lord Squanderfield's family or ſituation there could not be any objection; but to unite one of the moſt ſenſible and amiable, as well as noble and beautiful of her ſex, to a man who did not know the value of ſuch perfections, ſeemed to his lordſhip to be like Jephtha ſacrificing his daughter, and little leſs impious than the immolation of virtue upon the altar of Mammon.—To this cruelty no worldly views could ever perſuade him; and upon

conſulting with Lady Cecilia herſelf, he had the happineſs to find her ſentiments entirely coinciding with his own, and that in this inſtance her duty went hand in hand with her inclination. Indeed this ecclairciſſement with her father had a happy effect upon her ladyſhip; for, now that ſhe was relieved from the apprehenſion that Lord Squanderfield's addreſſes would be ſupported by her father's recommendation, ſhe recovered her uſual gaiety, and appeared much more willing to entertain him, and to make his ſtay at Ravenſdale agreeable. But in proportion as Lady Cecilia recovered her gaiety, poor Ned loſt his:—he could not be long inſenſible to the alteration in her conduct towards Lord Squanderfield; nor was he able to account for this alteration from any other motive than that of her acquieſcence to the will of her father to receive his addreſſes—"Good God!" he would ſay to himſelf, "ſhe cannot love him!—A mind like hers, fraught with every virtuous, wiſe, and noble ſentiment, can never love a man who

(whatever

(whatever may be his fortune) has a ſoul inferior to the hind that plows his fields, or the footman that wipes his ſhoes—She cannot love him!—and where ſhe cannot give her heart, honour will never let her give her hand.—But, alas! why do I rave? Unhappy Edward, what is it to thee whom Cecilia loves?—Canſt thou forget the difference of your ſtations, or overlook the mighty gulph which nature and fortune have placed between you?"

This poor youth had indeed drunk large draughts of love's intoxicating potion ſince his arrival at Ravenſdale—The intimacy in which he dwelt there (being conſidered as one of the family, and the daily and unreſerved intercourſe he had with Lady Cecilia, had put him off his guard; ſo that he ſwallowed the delicious poiſon, almoſt without knowing it, till the alarm of a rival let him into the knowledge of his real ſituation—It was then his eyes opened on the gulph into which he was ready to fall. The miſery this gave him was inexpreſſible—He recalled

to his mind the ſcene in the cavern in Wales, and the agitation of Lady Cecilia on the moſt diſtant and reſpectful hint of his attachment, at a time when ſhe was his gueſt, and he unacquainted with her rank. To renew any ſolicitation of that kind would be now preſumptuous in the higheſt degree: it would be to break the ſacred promiſe he had made to Lady Cecilia—it would be to abuſe the confidence of Lord Ravenſdale, and the hoſpitality of his houſe—it would be to loſe that friendſhip which had already done ſo much for him, and which was ready to do more—and, what was worſe than all, it would be to leſſen him in the eyes of Cecilia herſelf, and probably be the means of baniſhing him from her preſence, and perhaps from her heart for ever. But to forego the ſweet hope, to quench in his ſoul that cordial drop which he had ſo long cheriſhed as the precious panacea of all his cares and afflictions, this was like parting with life itſelf, and which, when once loſt, could leave nothing behind to intereſt or

engage

engage his affections. The neceſſity of this ſacrifice however was obvious: and here he made the firſt trial of his reſolution, for from this moment he determined to depart from Ravenſdale; not to give up the idea of the adored Cecilia, but to make himſelf worthy of her, if fortune, who is ſaid to favour the brave, ſhould at any future period ſmile upon him. His regiment was ſoon to embark at Cork for America: he determined to make this a pretence for quitting Ravenſdale, that he might be with them ſome time before they ſailed; and reſolved to take an early opportunity of communicating this reſolution to Lord Ravenſdale and Captain Rivers.

This victory over himſelf was a ſource of much conſolation to him:—however tender the fibres of his heart were, however powerful the paſſion that rent thoſe fibres almoſt to breaking; yet the inward approbation of his mind, the joyful conſciouſneſs that he was going to ſacrifice paſſion on the altar of virtue, ſupported him in the conflict, and

enabled him to be more than conqueror. And here fortune did for once reward his reſolution; for an accident happened which at once diſplayed his vigour, courage, and addreſs in the higheſt point of view, and made Lady Cecilia a ſecond time indebted to him for her preſervation.

There was upon Lord Ravenſdale's eſtate, a few miles from the houſe, a mountain of a ſingular form, and which commanded one of the nobleſt proſpects that is any where to be ſeen: the top of this mountain is a level plain, containing about fifteen acres of ground, and which is as ſmooth and as richly covered with a ſhort pile of velvet graſs, as if it had been formed for a bowling-green, and kept by conſtant care in the higheſt order. One ſide of this plain is bounded by foreſt trees, which connect it with other mountains higher and more craggy; the other ſide forms a natural terrace, deſcending in a ſteep ſlope, equally ſmooth and velvet-like with the top, which continues for ſeveral hundred yards to the bottom;

tom; which is waſhed by a deep bend of the river Shannon, which there forms an extenſive lake, over which the eye ranges for ſeveral miles, and diſcovers beyond a variegated ſcenery of woods and lawns, mountains and valleys, ſtreams and villages.

The morning was fine, and particularly favourable for viewing this reſplendent ſcenery. It was propoſed to carry Lord Squanderfield thither, and Lady Cecilia agreed to be of the party. It was the faſhion for men of quality at this time to wear the dreſs and aſſume the manners of grooms and coachmen—indeed to drive a phaeton was by ſome of them conſidered as the acmé of human ingenuity: among his other follies, this was one with which Lord Squanderfield was ſtrongly tinctured, and from which, as we have ſeen, Lord Rivers was not wholly free. To diſplay his ſkill before Lady Cecilia was an ambition worthy of the Engliſh peer, and her ladyſhip with more good-nature than prudence conſented to accompany him in her brother's phaeton.

Ned Evans was mounted on a very fine hunter belonging to Lord Squanderfield, which he brought with him from England, and Lord Rivers and the Captain accompanied on horſes of their own. Every thing was pleaſant and agreeable, and they arrived at the plain on the mountain in perfect ſafety. Lord Squanderfield was ſtanding in the phaeton with the reins careleſsly lying at his ſide, and admiring or pretending to admire thoſe beauties which Lady Cecilia was pointing out to him, when a loud holloa, as if they were juſt in at the death of a fox, was very ſuddenly and unexpectedly vociferated almoſt in their ears. This proceeded from Nettlefield, who by chance had been out riding that way, and, ſeeing them, choſe to ſurpriſe them by this mode of ſalutation. The horſes in the phaeton, which were very high mettled, took fright, and inſtantly ſet off like arrows out of a bow. Lord Squanderfield, who was ſtanding at the time they ſet off, was flung out by the ſuddenneſs of the jerk, and narrowly

eſcaped

eſcaped being killed by the wheel going over him. Poor Lady Cecilia held faſt by the phaeton, but in a ſituation of terror that hardly left her the power of knowing what to do. The firſt emotion of Nettlefield was to laugh when he ſaw Lord Squanderfield tumbling from his ſeat. Lord Rivers and the Captain ſtood petrified with apprehenſion. Evans alone retained any preſence of mind—he watched the courſe the horſes were taking—he ſaw them ſkirting round by the wood, and that they would ſoon inevitably make towards the ſlope, in which caſe certain deſtruction muſt be the conſequence :—he ſpurred his hunter therefore full ſpeed towards the ſlope, ſo as to get between it and them, and then facing round he reſolutely placed himſelf directly in their way : they were now coming, as he foreſaw, ſtill at full ſpeed; the noble animal on which he was mounted ſtood firm, and died on the ſpot, for the pole of the phaeton entered above two feet into his breaſt—there he ſtuck impaled, with Ned

ſtill

ſtill firm in his ſeat: the ſhock threw Lady Cecilia forwards, and he was fortunate enough to catch her in his arms, which prevented her receiving any material injury. The horſes in the phaeton ſtood trembling in a lather of ſweat; they were ſoon diſengaged by Lord Rivers and the Captain, who now came up, and nothing was really hurt but the generous beaſt which had ſo well ſeconded his rider's views.

As for Ned Evans, his conduct was above all praiſe—nothing upon earth could have ſaved Lady Cecilia's life, but the very ſtep he took; a ſtep which required the utmoſt unconcern for his own, and alſo a preſence of mind which, if it had been deferred but three minutes, would have rendered all aſſiſtance fruitleſs. Their firſt care was for Lady Cecilia, whoſe terror was greater as ſhe had leiſure to contemplate the danger from which ſhe had been reſcued—but whoſe gratitude was ſtill greater than her terror, when ſhe conſidered the means by which ſhe had been ſaved: ſhe even reſumed

courage

courage enough to mount again in the phaeton, but under the guidance of Ned Evans, who drove her ſafely home to Ravenſdale Houſe. As for Lord Squanderfield, he choſe to remain at a cottage in the neighbourhood till a carriage could be ſent for him; where he damned Nettlefield and Evans, and Ireland, and the proſpects, and every thing about him. Nettlefield thought the beſt apology he could make was to ride off. Captain Rivers followed the phaeton with his ſiſter and Ned; and Lord Rivers, out of reſpect to the peerage, waited to accompany Lord Squanderfield.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

SUCH was the iſſue of this day's adventure, which ſeemed to open new proſpects to the aſpiring views of Edward—for certain it is, the ſervice he had now rendered to Lady Cecilia was greater than that which firſt introduced him to her notice, and his perſonal courage and proweſs were more advantageouſly diſplayed. Her ladyſhip no ſooner alighted than ſhe waited upon her father, where Captain Rivers ſoon joined her, and related to his lordſhip all the circumſtances of her wonderful eſcape. The terror of the recital where the horſes approached the precipice in full ſpeed, made him tremble ſo that the chair in which he was ſitting ſhook under him; but when he heard of the gallant action by which his daughter was reſcued from inſtant death, he folded her to his boſom, and burſt into tears. The agitation of his mind indeed

was

was ſo great that it overpowered his body, and he was obliged to lie down;—not, however, without ſending, by Captain Rivers, the warmeſt acknowledgments to Ned Evans, with an aſſurance of an indelible remembrance of this new and ſignal favour which his noble and gallant conduct had conferred upon him.

Ned had walked out into the garden to compoſe a little that tumultuous agitation which the fearful event of the morning had naturally raiſed. He ſought the deepeſt ſolitude and the inmoſt receſſes of the grove. He revolved in his mind the imminent peril in which Lady Cecilia was, and the happy preſence of thought which had enabled him to reſcue her from it; and when he conſidered the great danger to which he himſelf was expoſed, and the almoſt miraculous preſervation they had both experienced, he could not help believing that an omnipotent arm had interfered; and thinking himſelf alone, he poured out upon his knees a grateful effuſion of praiſe and thankſ-

giving

giving to that Being whoſe providence he verily believed was over all his works—whoſe ear was never ſhut that it could not hear, nor his arm ſhortened that it could not ſave. Ned fancied himſelf alone; but chance conducted Captain Rivers to the very ſpot. He ſaw him through the trees upon his knees, and his wicked imagination firſt ſuggeſted to him ſome amorous aſſignation—but when he diſcovered how he really was employed, his diſpoſition to laugh was inſtantly checked. The overpowering ſenſe of virtue awed him in his preſence, and the character of this young man blazed upon him at once in all the radiance of perſonal courage, and all the ſacred awfulneſs of perſonal virtue. If he loved him before, he now added veneration to affection; he checked his unhallowed ſteps that were going to interrupt him, and waited with reſpectful ſilence till he ſaw he had finiſhed. He then met him as if by accident, and, taking no notice for the preſent of what he had ſeen, Ned ſtill ſuppoſed himſelf to have been

been unobſerved. Captain Rivers then congratulated Evans on the magnanimity he had diſplayed—informed him by his father's order of the high ſenſe he retained of this new obligation, and added ſuch enthuſiaſtic encomiums of his own, that Ned was determining in his own mind to reveal to him the ſituation of his heart, and make him the confident of his love for his ſiſter. Twice he was on the point of opening all his mind to him, and as often did his voice falter ſo as to refuſe the power of utterance. Captain Rivers thought ſomething was the matter with him; but he aſſured him he was perfectly well. Lord Rivers and Lord Squanderfield juſt then appearing in a diſtant walk of the garden, the Captain went to join them, and Evans ſtruck again into the receſſes of the grove. "Good God!" ſaid he when alone, "was ever any thing ſo unaccountable? Wherefore did Nature give me a tongue but to expreſs myſelf? Who hindered me to ſpeak? Why could I not reveal my ſentiments to

Captain

Captain Rivers two minutes ago with as much eaſe as I have done a thouſand times before, and as I am perſuaded I could now do if he was here again? Is love diſhonourable, that a man ſhould be aſhamed of it?—Periſh the thought! Say rather, is it not the moſt ſacred and exalted of all paſſions? Is it not the ſoul of every thing that exiſts? God is love—and a pure and chaſte paſſion is an emanation from heaven. Yes! adorable Cecilia! I will cheriſh the holy flame you have kindled in my boſom. It ſhall warm, it ſhall comfort, it ſhall illuminate my heart; it ſhall conſume, by the ardour of its concentred rays, every ſordid wiſh or ignoble deſire, and purify my thoughts with greater effect than ever the refiner's fire was able to exert on gold." With ſuch reflections did Ned juſtify his paſſion, and reſolve to cheriſh it however hopeleſs it might ſeem:—and indeed I muſt ſo far confeſs myſelf to be of his mind, that I believe love, when it is fixed upon a chaſte and virtuous woman, far from debaſing or enervating

vating the mind, on the contrary fortifies and exalts it—expands the heart from a mean and ſolicitous attention to ſelf, and inſpires it with a deſire to attain thoſe qualities which may render it moſt eſtimable in the opinion of the beloved object.

He now returned into the houſe, and joined the noble company who inhabited it; but neither Lord Ravenſdale nor Lady Cecilia were compoſed enough to come down to dinner, ſo that the two younger lords, with Captain Rivers and Ned, had the whole of the entertainment to themſelves. I know not whether Lord Squanderfield had conceived any jealouſy of Ned Evans, or whether he fancied Lady Cecilia looked upon him with any more favourable eye than ſhe did upon himſelf; but it is certain that from the firſt he ſhewed no great diſpoſition of regard towards him, of which if envy was the cauſe, the event of this morning did not contribute much to the ſoothing of that paſſion. The glaſs circulated freely after dinner, and Lord

Rivers

Rivers did Ned the honour to fill a bumper to his health, as the gallant deliverer of Lady Cecilia. The Captain filled his glaſs to the brim: but Lord Squanderfield ſaid he could not poſſibly pledge the toaſt, at leaſt under that title; for he could not ſee any thing in the action but perfect madneſs, the effects of which had fallen upon him; but "he expected Mr. Evans would make good to him the loſs of his horſe, which he had ſo unneceſſarily and ſo cruelly deſtroyed; and for which he had given fifty guineas a few weeks before." Ned Evans replied, "that it was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether his lordſhip drank his health or not:—that what he had done was the impulſe of the moment, which appeared to him to be the only poſſible chance for ſaving Lady Cecilia's life, and which perhaps his lordſhip's inattention to the reins, notwithſtanding his having ſo precious a charge under his care, was the primary cauſe of bringing into danger:—that for his own part, he would have gladly laid

down

down his own life to ſave her; and therefore could not heſitate a moment to ſacrifice that of a horſe, though it were the moſt valuable of the race:—that fifty guineas, which he demanded as the price of him, was but a paltry conſideration even to him who was but an enſign, in compariſon with the ſatisfaction it gave him to think he had been ſerviceable to Lady Cecilia—a ſatisfaction which he could aſſure his lordſhip (poor as he was) he would not forego for fifty thouſand." So ſaying, he roſe up and left the room. "The gentleman is in a pet," ſaid Lord Squanderfield, as ſoon as he was out; "but by G— I will not be chouſed out of my horſe." Lord Rivers replied, that he was ſurpriſed to hear his lordſhip make uſe of ſuch an expreſſion:—that ſince he thought proper to demand a compenſation for his loſs, he was certain Mr. Evans would make it, for a ſpirit like his was incapable of any ſordid affection. At the ſame time he muſt inform his lordſhip, that Lord Ravenſdale and himſelf,

and

and the whole family, conſidered themſelves ſo much indebted to Mr. Evans upon this occaſion, that they would never ſuffer him to be at any loſs by it; nor could any comment on his conduct diminiſh the glory of it in their eyes, nor their gratitude to its author.

Mr. Evans now returned into the room, and brought with him a draft for fifty guineas on the agent of the regiment, which he handed to Lord Squanderfield without ſpeaking a word, and which his lordſhip with equal ſilence put up in his pocket-book. Indeed the party was likely to become very diſagreeable; for nothing but that inviolable reſpect to the laws of hoſpitality, which is above all other laws ſacred in Ireland, could have prevented both Lord Rivers and the Captain from ſhewing that contempt and diſguſt which they had conceived for this right honourable character, nor ſuppreſſed their reſentment for any unworthy ſlight offered in their preſence to their young friend, whom they juſtly held in the

the higheſt eſtimation. They ſoon after ſeparated—the brothers to enquire after their father and ſiſter—and Ned to revolve in his mind what courſe he ſhould purſue.

The evening was ſerene:—a ſoft ſhower, which had fallen an hour or two before, had refreſhed the buds, which were almoſt ready to burſt their crimſon folds:—an odoriferous fragrance exhaled from the ſurrounding ſhrubs which every where profuſely adorned the ſequeſtered walks of Ravenſdale:—the groves rung with the melodious notes of thouſands of the feathered ſongſters, whom the return of ſpring had waked to joy, and who were now tuning their little throats to ſing the raptures of new-born love:—all nature ſeemed to ſmile, and to bear in her benign boſom that peace and tranquillity which was the richeſt endowment of the bowers of Eden. Ned felt the beauty of the ſcene in all its power; and, oh! thought he, what dæmon is it from hell that envies man theſe bliſsful abodes, tears them from the endearments of

nature, and drags them five thouſand miles over an inhoſpitable ocean, to blaſt the peace of other men like themſelves, and worry one another to death! How ſoon muſt I myſelf engage in the dreadful conflict! How ſoon muſt I, who have no animoſity to any human being, exert all the energy of my mind and all the power of my arm, to plunge thoſe who never injured me into the duſt of death! O war! offspring of hell! I deteſt thee! Yet will I purſue thee: for thou only canſt array me with that glory that can encourage me to raiſe my aſpiring hope to the divine Cecilia. O my adored Cecilia!—" Juſt as the words were pronounced, Cecilia herſelf appeared—they vibrated on her ear:—the ſweetneſs of the evening had tempted her out alſo, and, like Eve in her days of innocence, ſhe had been viſiting her ſhrubs. Intent among them, and concealed among their boughs, ſhe had neither ſeen nor been ſeen by Edward, till the ſound of her own name ſo paſſionately breathed forth, arouſed her, and the next inſtant diſcovered to her

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her preſerver. Both ſtood—both gazed! A deep bluſh ſuffuſed the lovely cheek of Cecilia, while a quick vibration of the heart almoſt ſuſpended in Edward the power of breath. At length his voice found utterance—"Yes, my adored Cecilia!" ſaid he, taking her hand and preſſing it gently to his boſom—"feel here the throbbings of a heart which beats only for your ſervice, and which, if you refuſe your love, ſhall ſoon ceaſe to beat for ever."—"Oh! Mr. Evans," ſaid Lady Cecilia, "why do you oppreſs me? Is this the promiſe——" "Talk not of promiſes," ſaid Evans, "I have vowed to love you for ever, and I ſhall be perjured if I break it. Oh! my Cecilia, bleſſed be this day, which has given me ſome claim to an intereſt in you! And bleſſed be Fortune, who has ſo well ſeconded her favours as to give me this opportunity of declaring to you how I adore you!" The hand of the lovely Cecilia was ſtill locked in his, from which ſhe did not attempt to withdraw it. A tear, chaſte as

the dew of the morning, trickled on her crimſon cheek, which the enamoured Edward kiſſed off, whilſt the unreſiſting Cecilia leaned on his boſom. A few moments of this tender rapture paſſed between them, ſufficient to tell Edward he was beloved—ſufficient to ſpare Lady Cecilia the pain of confeſſing it. Yet her generous and noble mind did not wiſh to conceal longer an affection which ſhe thought ſo juſtly placed. The ſoul of Edward now felt a tranſport which he had never experienced before. To ſay this was the happieſt moment he had ever known, is but a feeble expreſſion for that ecſtacy of joy which thrilled through every fibre of his heart. He again preſſed the lovely Cecilia to his boſom, and ſealed upon her willing lips the vow of everlaſting love. Nor was the heart of Cecilia leſs moved with pleaſure than that of her generous Edward. He had long been amiable in her eyes, and certainly poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of her affections :—but the adventure of this morning, which made her abſolute

abſolute debtor to him for her life, ſeemed to her to demand every return ſhe could poſſibly make with honour; and what could be more juſt, and therefore more honourable, than that ſhe ſhould repay with her love the gallant youth whoſe love for her made him encounter the moſt imminent peril, and rate his own life as nothing provided he could reſcue hers? Oh! amiable and faithful pair! may every guardian power, to whom fortitude and generoſity in man—to whom modeſty and truth in woman are dear and eſtimable, watch round your fortunes, and direct the events of your lives! that the barriers which now ſeem to ſeparate you for ever, may be removed; and that your hearts, which ſeem formed only for each other, may at laſt be united in the indiſſoluble bonds of wedded love. But, alas! Fortune ſeems for ever to continue the unrelenting foe to Love. Not relying on thoſe almoſt inſurmountable impediments ſhe has already placed between you, ſhe calls in the

aid of war—ſhe lifts up the trumpet of Bellona, and, with its horrid blaſt, diſſipates thoſe gentle prayers I would waft to heaven in your behalf.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

THERE are moments of rapture ſcattered thinly in almoſt every lot, the happineſs of which is too intenſe to laſt, and which perhaps, if much prolonged, would, by the agitation they produce in the mind, degenerate into pain. Providence therefore has wiſely ordered, that the brighteſt objects ſhall have a ſhadowed ſide, and that the moſt fortunate and favourable events ſhall ſtill be mixed with ſome alloy inſeparable from this ſtate of trial. The preſent moments were ſuch to Ned Evans:—the moſt lovely and moſt beloved of women was leaning on his boſom: he adored her with all the powers of his ſoul; and he had now for the firſt time the ſupreme delight to hear her own a ſimilar affection, and candidly confeſs a mutual flame—"But, oh! my Edward," ſaid the charming Cecilia, "though truth and gra-

titude compel me to acknowledge to you the ſentiments of my heart, yet think not that I ever can be yours; whatever may be my wiſhes in your favour, yet I am not at my own diſpoſal. My father loves you, eſteems you—and I have his commands to tell you, that his gratitude to you will not ceaſe but with his life. Yet, oh! my Edward, did he ſuſpect there was any attachment of love between us, I know how ſoon his pride would eradicate all theſe ſentiments—I know he would rather ſee us both dead at his feet, than that we ſhould be united. My brother too, with pride ſtill greater, and a heart far leſs tender and affectionate, would become your fierceſt enemy; whilſt in the ſtorms that would enſue your poor Cecilia's peace would ſuffer ſhipwreck."—"Rather let mine be deſtroyed for ever!" replied the enraptured Edward: "but ſay, my Cecilia (for I muſt claim the privilege to call you by that tender name), Will you not allow me to hope? Can you have the goodneſs to aknowledge to me a ſentiment in my favour, and the cruelty with

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the ſame breath to bid me deſpair?"—"No, Mr. Evans!" ſaid Cecilia: "I do not bid you deſpair; but, for both our ſakes, I beg of you to act with the utmoſt caution and circumſpection. You muſt conſider your own ſituation as well as mine; your country calls you now, and I know my gallant Edward will not let her voice be drowned by the lamentations of a ſilly woman; for, alas, I muſt and will lament you! But while my ſincerity confeſſes this, the ſame ſincerity obliges me to declare, that I would not ſuffer you to remain, though it were in my power. The call of honour muſt be obeyed; and I will not ſcruple to ſay to you, that your honour is dearer to me even than your life."

"O matchleſs Cecilia!" ſaid Mr. Evans, "how glorious is my lot when ſuch a heart as yours deigns to unite itſelf with mine! Yes, I will obey you, you ſhall be my guardian angel; I will implicitly follow your commands, I will go where honour calls, I will court glory in the fields of death—and if in thoſe fields to die ſhall be

be my fate, the ſame breath that carries away my ſoul ſhall waft a prayer to heaven for my Cecilia."—" And mine ſhall not be wanting," replied Lady Cecilia, " to avert that fate from you—but ſhould it happen, my Edward ſhall find a tomb in the heart of his Cecilia." " No—let me live there," ſaid Edward, paſſionately folding her in his arms—" Love and Fortune, which have already done ſuch wonders for me, will not deſert me—they will ſhield me in the day of battle, and bring me back to lay my trophies at Cecilia's feet."—" I hope they will," replied her ladyſhip, " and that you will be reſtored ſafe to me. But if you wiſh our hands ſhould ever be united, the moſt diſtant thought of ſuch a hope muſt not now eſcape you. We are both young enough—we have neither of us yet ſeen twenty years. Let us then, by a little timely prudence, lay a foundation for future happineſs, and not, as is too often the caſe, blaſt the comforts of a whole life by ſome momentary act of indiſcretion."—" I ſub-

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mit, Lady Cecilia," replied Ned; "I have told you already I implicitly ſubmit. I ſee and acknowledge your wiſdom, and whatever you command I will obey."—"Then, Mr. Evans, all I have to requeſt is, that you will keep your attachment to me a profound ſecret from all the world, and above all from my own family. I have dealt with you with that candour to which I think you entitled. I have ſcorned the ſilly affectation of my ſex: and feeling as I do for you the utmoſt gratitude, and even more than gratitude, I have not been aſhamed to own it to you. Rely therefore on my conſtancy and truth; but know at the ſame time, that I will never diſobey my father, and that I would rather die this night than ever give him cauſe to ſhed a tear for my miſconduct, or to accuſe me of undutifulneſs by diſpoſing of myſelf without his conſent."—"Lovely Cecilia!" replied Evans, "equally gracious in what you grant and what you refuſe, how ſhall I expreſs my gratitude to you for your noble

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and generous confidence? Accept then the ſolemn vow I here make upon my knees before you—and do thou, O my Creator, witneſs it!—that from this hour I dedicate my life to virtue and Cecilia. I will go, my Cecilia—I will ſerve my country and my king; but, for the reward, it is to you, thou empreſs of my ſoul, that I look up!" "Riſe, Mr. Evans!" ſaid Lady Cecilia, "and do not hazard the being ſeen in this poſture. Go, my Edward! ſerve your king and your country; act worthy of yourſelf, and reſt ſecure of your Cecilia's love." The charming promiſe was ſealed with a tranſporting kiſs, through which their ſouls ſeemed breathed into each other. When the rapture of their mutual explanation had a little ſubſided, they returned into their uſual habits of conduct to each other. The conſciouſneſs of being beloved by Lady Cecilia was a never-failing banquet for the ſoul of Edward to feaſt upon; but, like a voluptuous epicure, he was compelled to feaſt on it by himſelf—for Cecilia, though

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ſhe had owned her love, loſt none of her dignity, which ſhe well knew how to preſerve, and to which indeed Ned, to do him juſtice, was not a bit leſs diſpoſed to pay all due reſpect. But though all the outward forms of ceremony were ſtrictly preſerved between them, yet their private converſations were conſiderably changed, and became much more intereſting—for Ned now took no ſtep without conſulting Lady Cecilia; and her ladyſhip, feeling herſelf deeply intereſted in his welfare, frankly entered into his intereſts, and gave him ſuch advice as her excellent judgment deemed moſt likely to promote them. She approved highly of his intention of immediately joining his regiment, which was now lying at Cork, and ſhortly to embark—"What though I loſe you a few days ſooner?" ſaid ſhe, "yet I know this ſtep will be approved of by my father, and will certainly prevent his forming the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of any attachment between us—for who knows what that odious lord might ſuggeſt to him?

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The wretch knows I hate him as much as I can hate any thing; and the envy of your gallant conduct to me this day has, I perceive, already rankled his base soul into hatred against you; I dread therefore the effects of his resentment."—"Dread nothing for me, my Cecilia!" replied Edward: "he dare not for the life of him attempt any thing against me."—"Not against your person, I am convinced, my Edward," replied her ladyship; "but the baseness of his envious heart may strike a blow which you can neither see nor parry, and nothing more likely than to endeavour to injure you with my father."

Just as she was speaking, Lord Squanderfield himself appeared at the end of the walk: he was alone, and was turning to approach Lady Cecilia; but, viewing Ned with her through his opera glass, he passed off through another path that led into the wilderness of shrubs. "There he goes!" said Ned; "and there let him meditate what mischief he may! I despise his malice, and

defy it; nor do I believe that your noble father would receive an unworthy impreſſion of me from any inſinuation of his. But, my ever beloved and ever adored Cecilia! I have promiſed to obey you; and though to part with you is, I am perſuaded, more painful than to part with life, yet I will begin my duty by making this ſacrifice; in the certain hope that this your firſt command will be the ſevereſt you will ever lay upon me—and that when I have been able to ſurmount that difficulty, you may reaſonably expect I ſhall not be deficient in any future duty to you."

They were now within ſight of the houſe; and the hour of tea being nearly arrived, they walked towards it in their uſual manner, and with as little embarraſſment as if nothing intereſting had paſſed between them.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.